21

Christian Songs

FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

New York and Chicago:
Published by BIGLOW & MAIN,
(Successors to Wm. B. Bradbury.)
76 East Ninth Street, N. Y., and 91 Washington Street, Chicago.
FOR SALE BY THE TRADE GENERALLY.

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CHRISTIAN SONGS

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FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

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To the Friends of Sunday Schools:

In accordance with what we believe to be a growing sentiment, and hoping in some degree at least, to meet the oft-repeated and earnest demand for a better class of Hymns and a higher grade of Music in our Sunday Schools, these CHRISTIAN SONGS are presented to those engaged in the good work. How far we have succeeded in supplying the want thus expressed, we leave to the judgment of others.

There seemed to be no good reason for discarding old friends and throwing aside Hymns and Tunes which have been eminently useful in years gone by, and which are dearly loved to-day. Many of these (and we have tried to select the most desirable) will be found in these pages. There will also be found in CHRISTIAN SONGS more than one hundred of the old *Standard Hymns* which have been, and to the end of time will continue to be, sources of help and comfort to the Christian soul in its longings after a brighter hope and a stronger faith. We have indicated for these hymns the tunes most widely used in connection with them.

If some of the music in this work should at first seem a little difficult of execution, we earnestly recommend perseverance in its study, feeling confident that it will abundantly repay all the time and trouble thus bestowed upon it.

CHRISTIAN SONGS are intended for the Prayer Meeting, as well as for the Sunday School, and we hope and trust, that *there* too they will prove valuable in kindling the fires of true devotion, and bringing the soul into more loving communion with God.

We desire to acknowledge our obligations to Messrs. Lasar, Holbrook, Camp, Sherwin, and others, for valuable suggestions and compositions.

And now we send out our CHRISTIAN SONGS, praying that God may so bless their use that they shall be Christian Helpers to both old and young.

THE COMPILERS.

New York, *January 1st*, 1872.

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CHRISTIAN SONGS

FOR THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LYMAN.

From BEETHOVEN.

1. In Zi - on's sacred gates, Let hymns of praise be - gin, While acts of faith and love In ceaseless beau-ty shine;
2. The promis - es I sing, Which sovereign love hath spoke, Nor will our heavenly King His words of grace revoke:
3. The mountains melt away, When once the Judge appears; And sun and moon de-cay, That measure mor-tal years;
4. Rejoice! our Lord is King! Our God and King a - dore; Yea, all give thanks and sing, And triumph ever - more:

In mer - cy there, While God is known, Be-fore His throne With songs ap - pear.
They stand se - - cure, And stead - fast still, Nor Zi - on's hill A - bides so sure.
But still the same, In ra - diant lines, Thy prom - ise shines Thro' all the flame.
Lift up the heart, Lift up the voice, Re - joice a - - loud, Let all re - joice.

THERE'S ROOM AND A WELCOME FOR ALL.

T. J. COOK,
By per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

Words writen for this work by F. J. V.

1. Behold ye a fountain that springs from a rock, That rock is Im - man - u - el slain,
2. Our Lord has pro-vid- ed a feast of good things Which all, if they will, may re - ceive,

S. FINE.

A voice that was heard in the Temple of old, Is call - ing the peo - ple a - gain.
The gift of his grace without mon-ey or price, He offered to them that be - lieve.
D. S. Come sin - ner, its wa - ters are flow - ing for thee, There's room and there's welcome for all.

REFRAIN. D.S.

If an-y man thirst let him come uu - to me, And drink, for the fountain o mer - cy is free.

3 In Adam we die, but in Jesus we live,
The world is redeemed from the fall,
Salvation is purchased, our ransom is paid,
There's room and a welcome for all. *Cho.*

4 There's room at the feet of the glorified One,
There's room in the arms of his love,
There's room at the fount of the water of Life,
And room in His kingdom above. *Cho.*

From "Bright Jewels," by per.

Andante, with expression.

1. Keep thou my way, O Lord! My-self I cannot guide; Nor dare I trust my erring steps One moment from thy side; I can-not think a-right, Un-less inspired by thee; My heart would fail without thy aid, Choose thou my thoughts for me.
2. For every act of faith, And every pure design,—For all of good my soul can know, The glo-ry, Lord, be thine; Free grace my par-don seals, Thro' thy a-ton-ing blood; Free grace the full assur-ance brings, Of peace with thee, my God.

3 O speak, and I will hear;
Command, and I obey,
My willing feet with joy shall haste
To run the heavenly way;
Keep thou my wand'ring heart,
And bid it cease to roam;
O bear me safe o'er death's cold wave
To heaven, my blissful home.

Words by Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

MY SABBATH HOME.

W. H. DOANE.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

"It shall be a Sabbath of rest unto you."—Lev. 16 : 31.

1. Sweet Sabbath School! more dear to me Than fair-est pa - lace dome, My heart e'er turns with joy to thee. My own dear Sabbath Home.
2. Here first my wil - ful, wand'ring heart, The way of life was shown; Here first I sought the bet - ter part, And gained a Sabbath Home.
3. Here Je - sus stood with lov - ing voice, En-treat-ing me to come, And make of Him my on - ly choice, In this dear Sabbath Home.

CHORUS.

Sabbath Home! Bless-ed Home! Sabbath Home! Bless-ed Home! My heart e'er turns with joy to thee, My own dear Sabbath Home.

Sweet Home! Sweet Home! Sweet Home! Sweet Home!

HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING.

REV. R. LOWRY.

From "Bright Jewels," by per.

1. My life flows on in end-less song; A-bove Earth's la - men - ta - tion, I catch the sweet, tho' far - off hymn That hails a new cre - a - tion; Through all the tu - mult and the strife, I hear the mu - sic ring-ing; It finds an e - cho in my soul—How can I keep from sing-ing?

2. What tho' my joys and comfort die? The Lord my Sav-iour liv - eth; What tho' the dark-ness gath-er round? Songs in the night He giv - eth; No storm can shake my in - most calm, While to that re - fuge clinging; Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth, How can I keep from sing-ing?

3. I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin; I see the blue a - bove it; And day by day this pathway smooths, Since first I learned to love it; The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A fountain ev - er springing; All things are mine since I am His—How can I keep from sing-ing?

NEVER BE AFRAID.

WM. B. BRADBURY
From "Golden Censer," by per.

1. Never be a-fraid to speak for Je - sus, Think how much a word can do; Never be a-fraid to
2. Never be a-fraid to work for Je - sus, In his vineyard day by day; Labor with a kind and
3. Never be a-fraid to bear for Je - sus, Keen re-proaches when they fall; Patient-ly endure your

CHORUS.

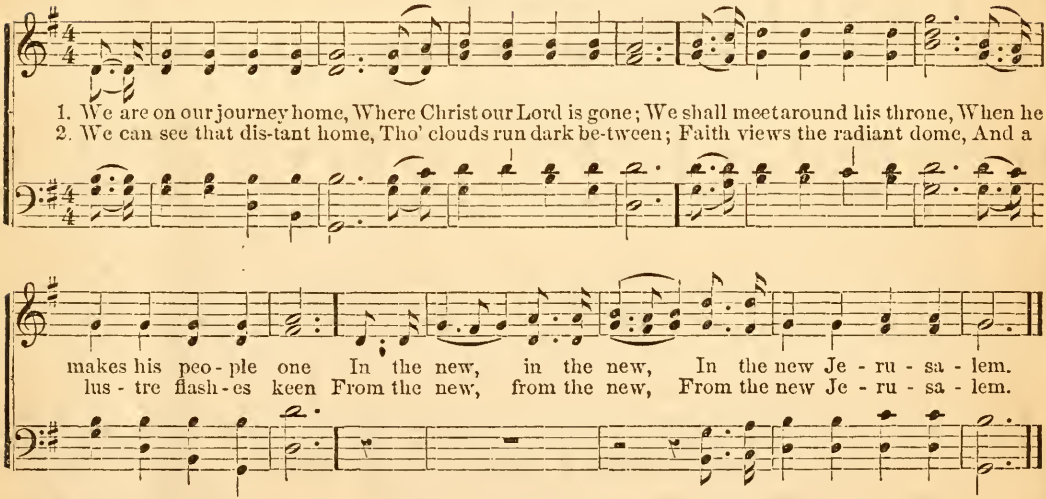
own your Saviour, He who loves and cares for you. Nev-er be a - fraid, Nev-er be a - fraid,
will-ing spir - it, He will all your toil re - pay. Nev-er be a - fraid, Nev-er be a - fraid,
ev - ery tri - al, Je - sus meekly bore them all. Nev-er be a - fraid, Nev-er be a - fraid,

Nev-er, nev-er, nev-er, Je - sus is your lov - ing Sav-iour, Therefore nev-er be a - fraid.

4 Never be afraid to live for Jesus,
If you on his care depend
Safely shall you pass through every trial,
He will bring you to the end.
Never be afraid, &c.

5 Never be afraid to die for Jesus;
He the life, the truth, the way,
Gently in his arms of love will bear you
To the realms of endless day.
Never be afraid, &c.

MT. BLANC.



3 O glory shining far
From the never-setting sun!
O trembling morning star!
Our journey's almost done
To the new Jerusalem.

4 O holy, heavenly home!
O, rest eternal there!
When shall the exiles come,
Where they cease from earthly [care,
In the new Jerusalem.

5 Our hearts are breaking now,
Those mansions fair to see;
O Lord! thy heavens bow,
And raise us up with thee
To the new Jerusalem.

HE SHALL REIGN FOREVER.

FANNY CROSBY.

CHESTER G. ALLEN
From "Bright Jewels." By per.

Not too fast.

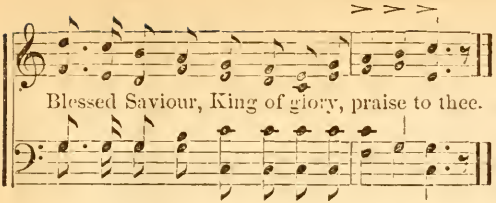
1. Come and join the glorious ar - my praising God be - low, Singing still the songs of Zi - on,

joy - ful as we go; With a steadfast hope in Je - sus, who has triumphed o'er the grave, Our

CHORUS.

trust is in His mighty arm, the strong to save. He shall reign for-ev - er glo - ry to His name,

Shout aloud, ye nations all! wondrous love proclaim! He has died to save us, died to make us free,



2.

We will bear his glorious banner nobly till we die,
We are pressing boldly onward where our treasures lie,
He has promised His protection and His promise cannot fail,
Our hope is in His mercy, and we must prevail.—*Cho.*

3.

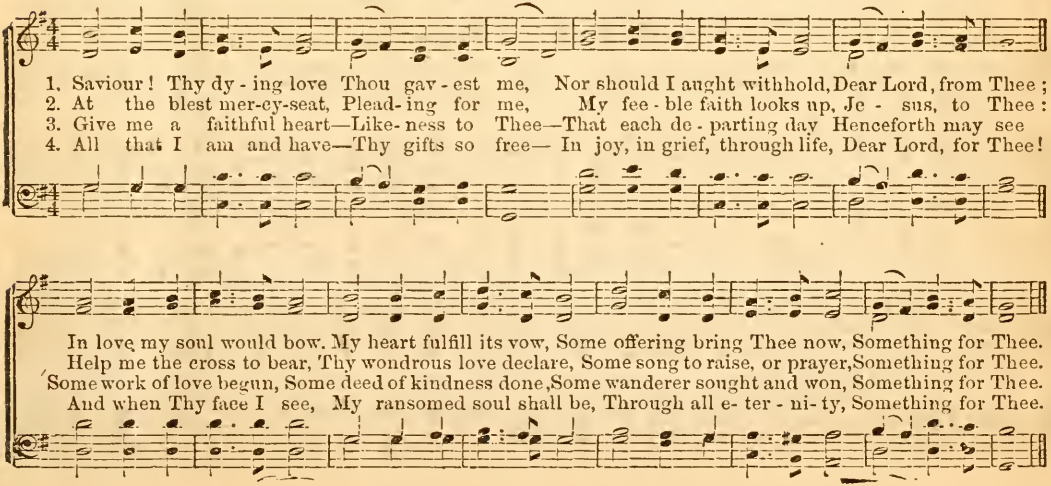
Walking still beneath the shadow of His mighty wings,
We shall reach the golden city of the King of kings:
Oh! the pleasures that await us on that bright celestial shore,
We'll join the noble army who have gone before.—*Cho.*

Words by Rev. S. D. PHELPS.

SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

Rev. R. LOWRY.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

"Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" Acts 9: 6.



STRIKE THE HARP OF ZION.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

1. Strike the harp of Zi - on, wake the tuneful lay; Bear the joy - ful tid - ings far a - way;
2. O - ver dis - tant re - gions vailed in error's night, See the ho - ly dawn of gos - pel light;
3. O, the joy - ful sto - ry, life to ev - ery soul! Like a mighty o - cean let it roll,

CHORUS.

Lo! the morn is breaking, morn of purest love, Praise forev - er, praise to God above. Glory! glory!
See! the nations coming at the Saviour's call, Coming now to crown him Lord of all.
Bringing home the lost ones from the path of sin, Till the world shall all be gathered in.

hark! the angels sing, Glory! glory! hear the echo ring! Strike the harp of Zion, wake the tuneful lay;

Bear the joy - ful tid - ings far a - way, far a - way, Bear the joy - ful tid - ings far a - way.

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

W. H. DOANE.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33 : 27.

From "Songs of Devotion," by per.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast, There by His love o'er - shad - ed,
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from corrod-ing care, Safe from the world's tempta - tions,

Cho.—*Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast, There by His love o'er - shad - ed,*

rit. *End.*

Sweet - ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Sin can - not harm me there. Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;

Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.

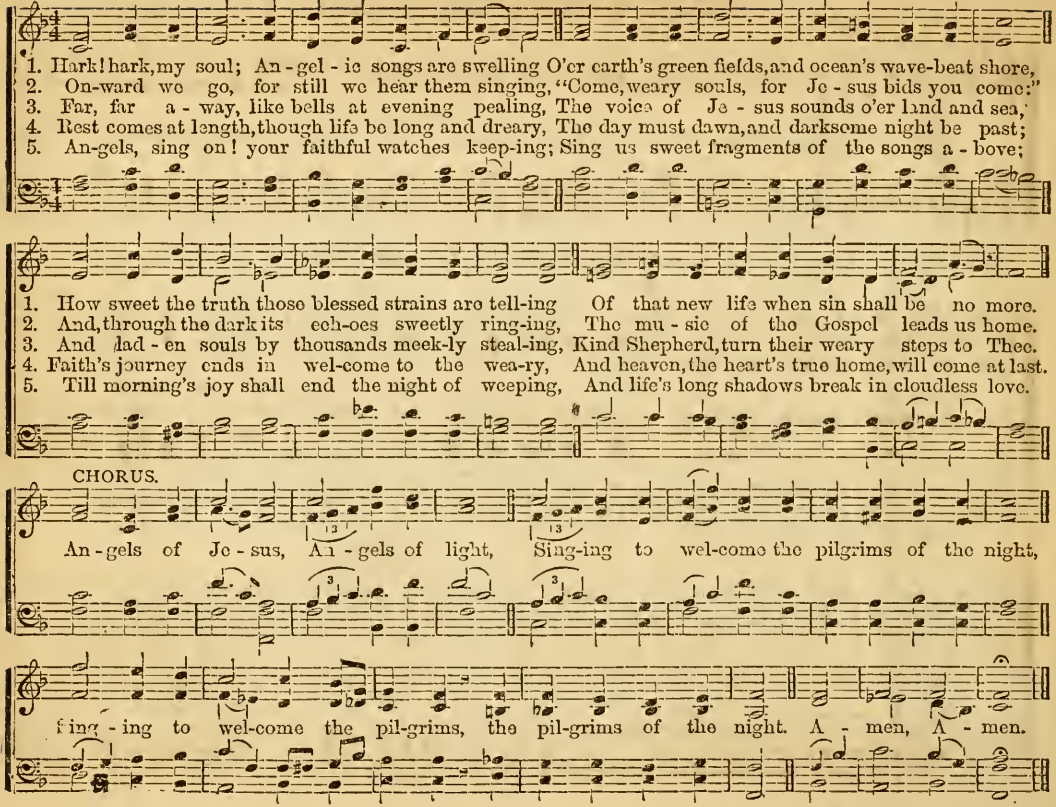
D. C. Chorus.

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the Jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears!

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages,
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.
Cho.—Safe in the arms, &c.

HARK! HARK, MY SOUL.

Music by Rev. J. B. DYKES.



THERE'S A HOME WEARY PILGRIM.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

From "Bright Jewels," by per.

Mrs. VAN ALSTYNE.

1. Take thy staff and journey onward: Look beyond this vale of tears; Far above its gloomy shadows, Lo! thy

CHORUS.

Father's smile appears. There's a home wea - ry pilgrim, There's a home weary pilgrim, There's a home weary

pilgrim, There is rest for you and me.

2 Haste thee on! the day is waning;
Watch and work with all thy might,
Lest the evening close upon thee
Ere thou reach the mountain height. *Cho.*

3 Speed thee on! through toil and danger,
God will bring thee on thy way;
More and more thy faith increasing,
To the light of perfect day. *Cho.*

4 Run the christian race before thee;
Lay aside thy weight of care:
Reaching forward. pressing onward,
Win the crown 'tis thine to wear. *Cho.*

5 Yonder lie the fields of glory,
Just beyond the narrow sea.
Pilgrim, haste, thy strength renewing;
There thy home, thy rest shall be. *Cho.*

HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES?

With expression.

HUBERT P. MAIN. By per.

1. Hark! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! th'angelic hosts re-joic -es,
2. Peace on earth–good-will from heaven, Reaching far as man is found; "Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,"
3. Haste, ye mor-tals, to a- dore him: Learn his name, and taste his joy; Till in heaven ye sing before him,

f

Heavenly hal - le - lu-jahs rise, Hear them tell the wondrous story, Hear them chant their hymns of
Loud our golden harps shall sound. Christ is born, the great Anointed; Heaven and earth his praises
Glo - ry be to God most high. Then we'll sing the wondrous story, And we'll chant in hymns of

Glo - ry in Hear them tell the wondrous story, Hear them chant their hymns of the high - est!

joy, Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high-est! glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God on high!
sing! O, re - ceive whom God ap-point - ed, For your Pro - - phet, Priest and King.
joy, Glo - ry in the high-est, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most High.

Glo - ry in the high-est! glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high!

WORDS WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK. 1st and 2d SEMI-CHORUS

THE HAPPY TIME.

WM. B. BRADBURY. From "Fresh Laurels," by per.

1 O the hap-py time is coming When the gos-pel trumpets sound, Shall be heard by ev-ery
When the vale shall be ex-alt-ed, And the verdant hills re-joice, And the o-cean join the

CHORUS.

na tion, To the earth's re-mo-test bound;
cho-rus, With a loud tri-umph-ant voice.

Lo! the morn-ing light will break, And the

day is drawing nigh, Yes, a glorious time is coming soon, We shall hail it by and by.

2 O the happy time is coming
When the cry of war shall cease,
And the standard of our Saviour,
Be the olive branch of peace;
Underneath our vine and fig-tree
We will never be afraid,
There is none will dare molest us,
In their calm and quiet shade. *Cho.*

3 O the happy time is coming
By our Fathers once foretold,
It is promised in the Bible,
It was sung by prophets old:
They who sit in heathen darkness,
Soon the morning light shall see.
And the world, with songs of triumph,
Hail the glorious jubilee. *Cho.*

OUR SAVIOUR IS RISEN.

R. W. Raymond. Music by Rev. R. LOWRY. By permission.

1. { Our Sav-iour is ris- en from Death's gloomy prison, No long-er he wanders by mountain and sea; }
{ But ere He be-reft us, this promise He left us; "Faint not, where I [.....omit.....] }
2. { Yet lov-ing and ten-der, new grace he doth render, Nor waits in His mansion, till weary we come; }
{ He jour-neys be-side us, to help us and guide us; Unseen by our [.....omit.....] }

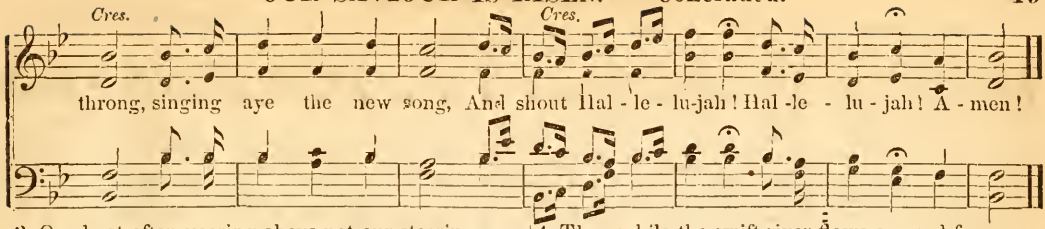
Chorus.

f

am, my dis - ci - ples shall be!" We shall see Him one day, When the vail rolls a -
eyes till He greets us at home!

f

- way And Christ who re-deemed us shall wel - come us then; While we join the glad



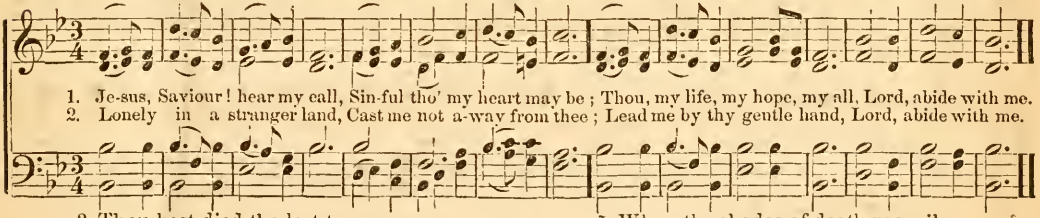
3. Our boat often veering obeys not our steering;
'Tis Jesus' strong arm over ours at the helm!
He knows the hid dangers, to which we are strangers,
And He'll bring us safe to His beautiful realm!
We shall see him one day, &c.

4. Then while the swift river flows onward forever,
That bears us upon its dark tide to the sea,
We view without sighing the banks swiftly flying,
And joyfully haste with our Master to be!
We shall see Him one day, &c.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

LORD, ABIDE WITH ME.

S. MAIN. By permission.



3 Thou hast died the lost to save,
Died to set the captive free;
Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,
Lord, abide with me.

4 Fill me with thy love divine,
Consecrate my life to thee;
Bend my stubborn will to thine,
Lord, abide with me.

5 When the shades of death prevail,
Father, let me cling to thee;
When I pass the gloomy vail,
Lord, abide with me.

6 Then, oh! then, my raptured soul
Heaven's eternal rest shall see;
There, while endless ages roll,
Live and reign with me.

BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

REV. R. LOWRY.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

"And he showed me a pure River of Water of Life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the Throne of God and of the Lamb."—Rev. xxii. 1.

Cheerful.

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright angel feet have trod; With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flowing by the throne of God? Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beauti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er—Gather with the saints at the river That flows by the throne of God.

2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Washing up its sil - ver spray, We will walk and worship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.

CHORUS.

p

3 On the bosom of the river,
Where the Saviour-king we own,
We shall meet, and sorrow never
'Neath the glory of the throne. *Cho.*

4 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown. *Cho.*

5 At the smiling of the river,
Rippling with the Saviour's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace. *Cho.*

6 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace. *Cho.*

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

THE BRIGHT FOREVER.

HUBERT P. MAIN.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

"At thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—Psalms 16: 11.

1. Breaking thro' the clouds that gather O'er the christian's natal skies, Distant beams, like floods of glory,
2. Yet a lit - tle while we lin-ger, Ere we reach our journey's end; Yet a lit - tle while to la - bor,
3. O the bliss of life e - ter - nal! O the long unbroken rest! In the gold - en fields of pleasure,

Fill the soul with glad surprise; And we al - most hear the e - cho Of the pure and ho-ly throng,
Ere the evening shades descend; Then we'll lay us down to slumber, But the night will soon be o'er;
In the re - gion of the blest. But, to see our dear Redeem-er, And be - fore His throne to fall,

CHORUS.

In the bright, the bright for-ev - er, In the summer-land of song. On the banks beyond the riv - er,
In the bright, the bright for-ev - er, We shall wake, to sleep no more.
There to hear His gracious welcome—Will be sweeter far than all.

ritard.

We shall meet, no more to sev-er; In the bright, the bright forever, In the summer-land of song.

THE GOOD OLD WAY.

W. H. DOANE.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

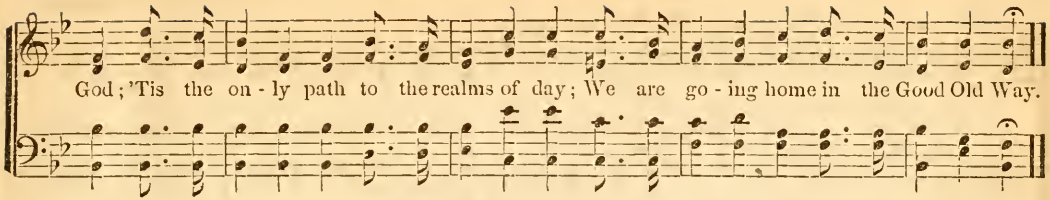
Words written for this work.

"Teach me thy way, O Lord."—Ps. 27 : 11.

1. We are go - ing forth with our staff in hand, Thro' a des - ert wild in a stran-ger land; But our faith is bright and our hope is strong, And the Good Old Way is our pil - grim song.
2. There are foes without, there are foes within; They would turn us back to the path of sin; We will stop our ears to the words they say, While we on - ward press in the Good Old Way.
3. In the bliss-ful hour of communion sweet, Let us come with joy to the Mer-cy - seat; O we love to sing and we love to pray, And we bless the Lord for the Good Old Way.
4. On the brink of time when we stand at last, When our sun has set, and our work is past, When we bid fare - well to our mor - tal clay, We will praise the Lord for the Good Old Way.

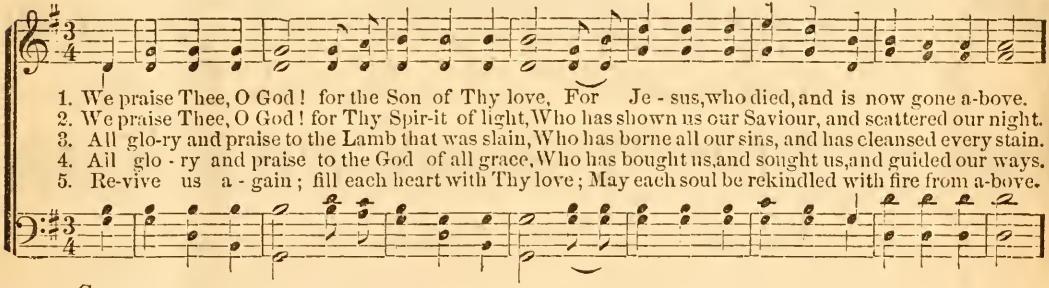
CHORUS.

'Tis the Good Old Way, by our fathers trod; 'Tis the way of Life, And it lead - eth un - to



REVIVE US AGAIN.

"O Lord, revive thy work."—HAB. 3 : 2.



THE BRIDEGROOM COMES!

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

1. The Bridegroom comes! Bride of the Lamb, awake! The midnight cry is heard; Thy sleep for-sake.
2. Shake off earth's dust, And wash thy weary feet; Arise, make haste, go forth, The Bridegroom greet.

Lift up thy head, The marriage day has come; Put on thy bridal robe, The feast is spread.
Sing the new song! Thy triumph has be-gun; Thy tears are wiped away, Thy night is done! Amen.

OH! HOW HAPPY ARE THEY.

[*Tune Rowley.*]

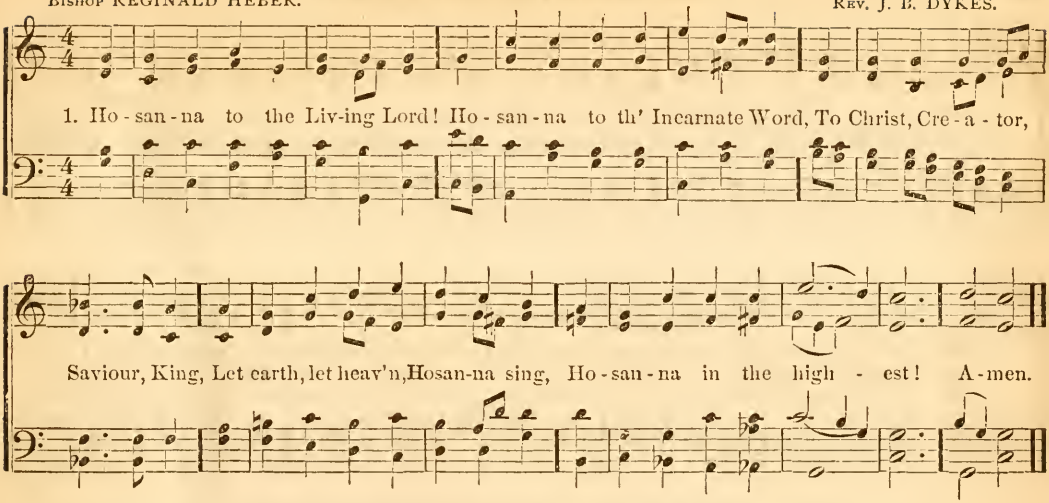
1. Oh! how happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above:
Oh! what tongue can express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love?

2. It was heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

3. Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see;
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

HOSANNA TO THE LIVING LORD!

Bishop REGINALD HEBER. Rev. J. B. DYKES.



2. "Hosanna," Lord, Thine angels cry;
"Hosanna," Lord, Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.
Hosanna in the highest!

3. O Saviour, with protecting care
Abide in this Thy house of prayer;
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Here we Thy parting promise claim.
Hosanna in the highest!

4. But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast
Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
Hosanna in the highest!

5. So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna in the highest!

STILL, STILL WITH THEE.

From Mendelssohn.

1. Still, still with Thee—when purple morning breaketh, When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
2. When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber, Its clos-ing eye looks up to Thee in prayer,
3. So shall it be at last, in that bright morning, When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;

Fair - er than morning, lovelier than the daylight, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee!
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'ershading, But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.
O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning, Shall rise the glorious thought—I am with Thee.

Amen.

WE ARE BUT LITTLE CHILDREN WEAK.

C. E. WILLING.

1. We are but lit - tle children weak, Nor born in a - ny high es - tate; What can we do for
2. O, day by day, each Christian child Has much to do, without, with-in; A death to die for

PASS ME NOT.

W. H. DOANE.
From "Songs of Devotion," by per.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."—Rom. 10: 13.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Saviour, Hear my humble cry; While on oth-ers thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneeling there in deep contrition, Help my un-be-lief.
3. Trusting on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded, broken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace.
4. Thou the spring of all my comfort, More than life to me; Whom have I on earth beside Thee? Whom in heaven but Thee?

Chorus.

Sav-iour, Sav-iour, hear my hum-ble cry, While on oth-ers Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

WE ARE BUT LITTLE CHILDREN WEAK. Concluded.

Je-su's sake Who is so high and good and great?
Je-su's sake, A wea-ry war to wage with sin. Amen.

3 Now we may stay the angry blow,
Now we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

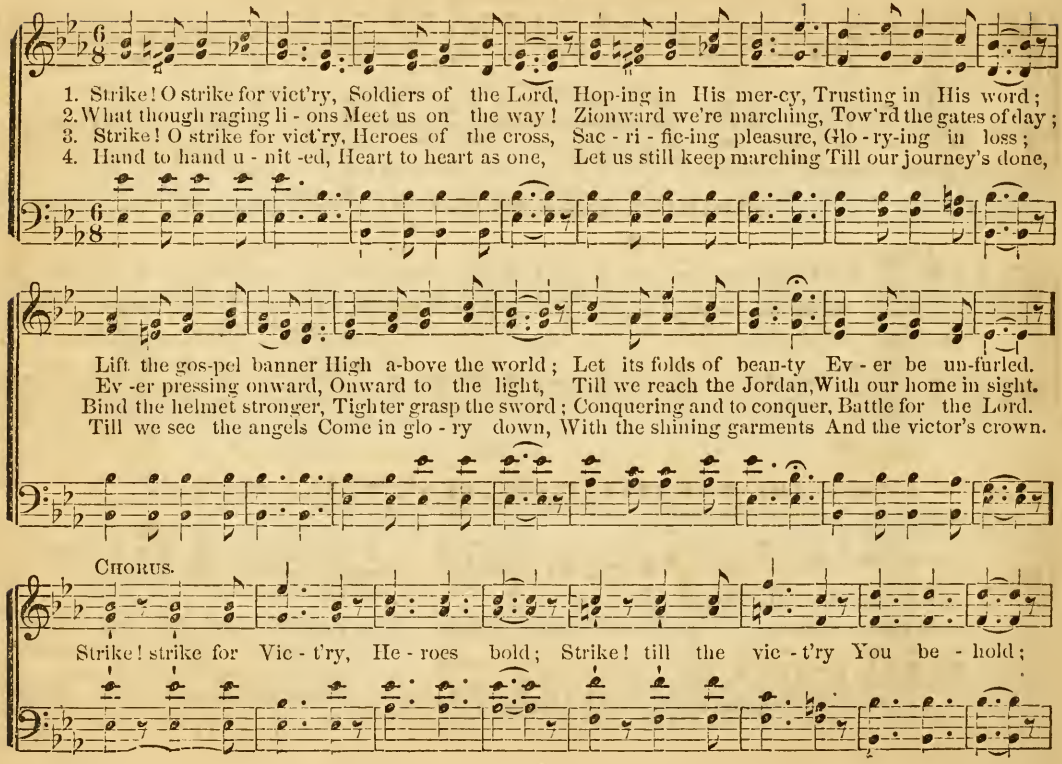
4 With smiles of peace, and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good humor brighten there,
And do all still for Jesu's sake. Amen.

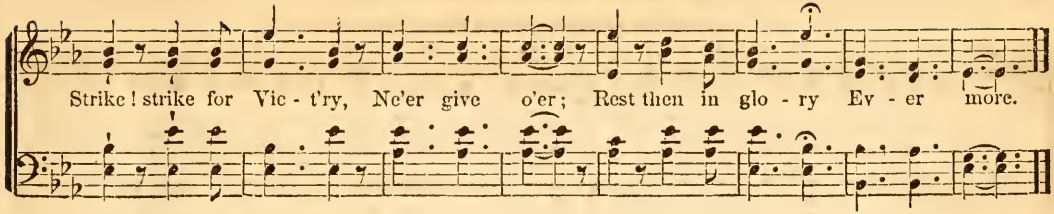
MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

STRIKE! STRIKE FOR VICTORY.

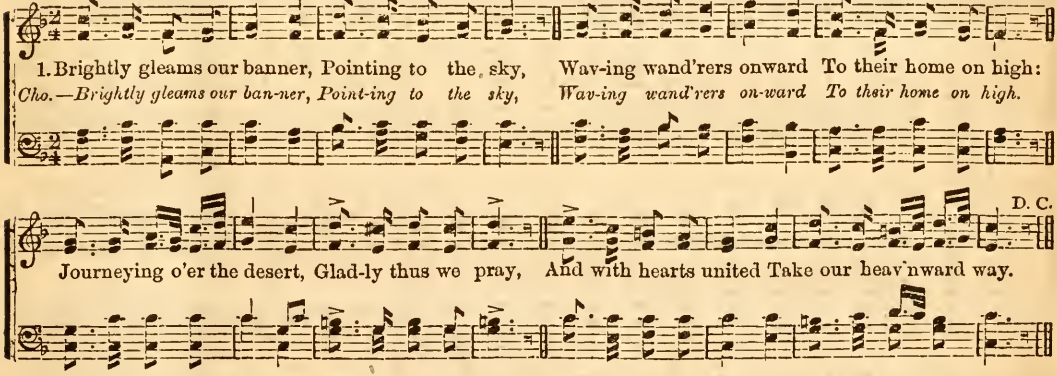
W. H. DOANE.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

"Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 15: 57.





BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR BANNER. JOS. P. HOLBROOK. By per



2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred Feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet;
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray,
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.—*Cho.*

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe;
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.—*Cho.*

4 Then with Saints and Angels
May we join above,
Offering pray'rs and praises
At Thy Throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then comes rest and peace,
Jesus, in His Beauty;—
Songs that never cease.—*Cho.*

Words by
FANNY VAN ALSTYNE.

THE JOYFUL MESSAGE.

T. J. COOK.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

"Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."—Isaiah 55: 1.

1. Joy-ful the message of gos-pel grace, Call-ing ev-ery na-tion, Come to the Saviour and seek His face,
2. God is the refuge and strength of all, He a sure foun-da-tion, They that will trust Him shall never fall,
3. Hap-py the people that know the Lord, In His truth con-fid-ing, Hap-py the people that love His word,

Here's a full sal-va-tion; Be-hold the way that leads from sin, Bright-ly, bright-ly shin-ing, And
He's our great sal-va-tion; O, come, and be for-ev-er blest, Seek, and ye shall find Him, There's
In His law a-bid-ing; The Lord, our buck-ler and our shield, Giv-eth grace and glo-ry, And

REFRAIN.

He that be-liev-eth shall walk there-in, And dwell in the beau-ti-ful land. Come, O come ye,
rest for the wea-ry, e-ter-nal rest, A home in the beau-ti-ful land.
He will no good thing from them withhold, Who walk in the light of His love.

come ye to the wa-ters! Ho! ev-ery one that thirst-eth, O come with-out mon-ey and buy!

COME, LET US BE JOYFUL TO-DAY.

REV. R. LOWRY.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

Words written for this work. "My soul shall be joyful in the Lord." Ps. 35: 9.

1. Come, let us be joy - ful to - day; The Saviour a - rose—He conquered His foes— Opened a
2. Come, let us be joy - ful to - day; He sits on the throne, His sceptre we own; Cast eve- ry
3. Come, let us be joy - ful to - day; Thanks-giving and song To Je - sus be- long; Cheerful - ly
4. Come, let us be joy - ful to - day; The truths of His word Sweet comfort af-ford; Hear what His

CHORUS.

heaven - ly way— A way that nev- er will close. O, come to His glo - rious courts with singing,
i - dol a - way, And worship Je - sus a - lone.
praise Him and pray; He loves the worship- ing throng.
mes- sengers say, And take the truth we have heard.

Loving and du- ti - ful tri - bute bringing; Worship the Lord! Rejoice, and believe in His word.

WORK TO DO FOR JESUS.

Rev. R. LOWRY.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

"The harvest truly *is* plenteous, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest." Matt. ix. 37.

1. There is work to do for Jesus, Yes, a glorious work to do, For a harvest ful - ly ripened, Rich and golden lies in view; { With a prayer to God, our Father, Let us all the work pursue, / For our ris - en Lord is calling, And the har-vest-ers [OMIT... } are few.

1st. 2d.

CHORUS.

Yes, there's work to do for Je - sus, And the harvest is in view, There's a great work everywhere to do, There is work to do for Je - sus, And the harvesters are few, There's enough work for all to do.

2 There is work to do for Jesus,
And we hear the Saviour say,
"Why art standing here so idle,
At the noontide on the way?"
Even now I will accept thee;
With the rest, thy wages pay;
Go and labor in my vineyard
Till the closing of the day. *Cho.*

3 Yes, there's work to do for Jesus;
Who will answer to the call?
See! the vintage is abundant,
There is work to do for all;
God commands that we should labor,
Though the task our hearts appall;
For he claimeth our life service,
Till the shades of death shall fall. *Cho.*

CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

F. C. VAN ALSTYNE. WM. F. SHERWIN. From "Bright Jewels," by per.

1. Gentle Saviour, God of love, Hear us from thy throne above, While we meet to praise thee here, In our Infant
2. Jesus, thou wert once a child, Make us humble, meek, and mild. Kindly fold us on thy breast, There thy little

class so dear. (May the lessons we have heard From thy pure and ho -ly word,) Make us what we ought to be, Lead thy little lambs to thee.
lambs would rest. (In that hap -py world of light Where the day is ev - er bright,) May our an - gel voices sing, Glory! glory to our King!

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

BEAUTIFUL EDEN.

W. H. DOANE.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

"Having a desire to depart." Phil. 1: 23.

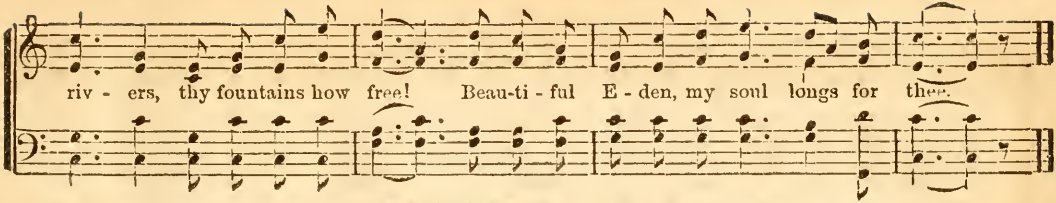
DUET.

1. Beauti - ful E - den, re - fuge of peace, Home where the songs of the ransomed ne'er cease;
2. Beauti - ful E - den, sor- row or care Nev - er can with - er thy blossoms so fair;
3. Beauti - ful E - den, place of de- light, Land of the an - gels ce - les - tial and bright;
4. Beauti - ful E - den, gar - den of grace, Where we may gaze on the Saviour's dear face;

Oh, how my spir - it when saddened by gloom, Longs to be- hold thee, thou gar - den of bloom!
Sin can - not blight them, and death cannot slay, Safe in the gar- den of prom- ise are they.
Here may the way - far - er stay and take rest, Here in the hea- ven - ly home of the blest.
There we shall gath-er in gladness a - bove, Roaming the realms of an E - den of love.

CHORUS.

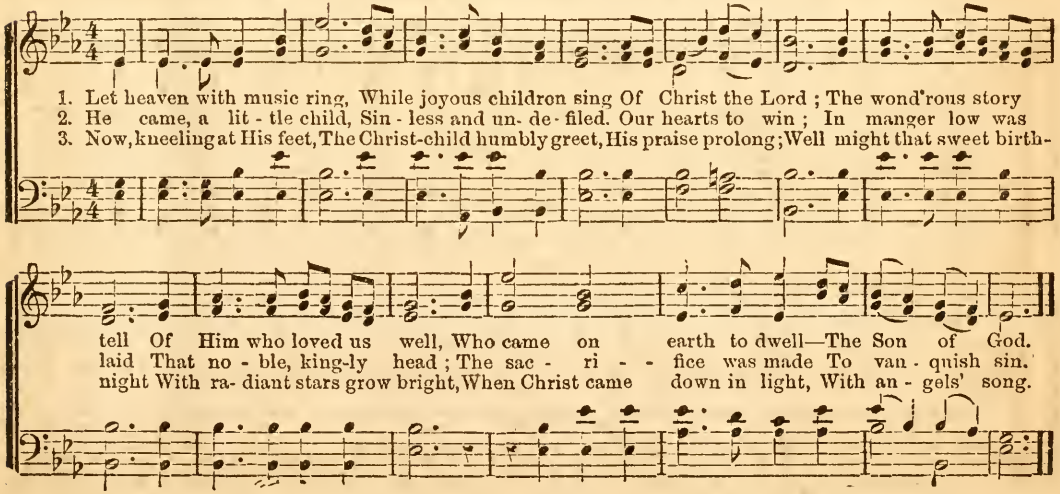
Beau-ti - ful E - den, beauti - ful E - den, Bright are thy flow - ers, gold - en thy fruits; Pure are thy



CHRISTMAS CAROL.

REV. R. LOWRY.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

"Jesus was born in Bethlehem." Matt. 2: 1.



Words by FANNY CROSBY.

THE SWEETEST NAME.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

"A name which is above every name."—Phil. 2 : 9.

1. The sweet-est name in Heav'n a - bove, Child-ren sing, child-ren sing; Our bless-ed Saviour
2. Sal - va - tion thro' His ho - ly name, Child-ren sing, child-ren sing; His mer - cy to the
3. With those whose tri - als now are o'er, Child-ren sing, child-ren sing; With saints on yonder

crown'd with love, Children sing to - day; The Friend whose ev - er watchful care Will
world pro-claim, Children sing to - day; By Him re-deemed from death and sin, By
ra - diant shore, Children sing to - day; With mar - tyrs in the heavenly land, That

guard our feet from ev- ery snare, Who loves to hear our earn-est prayer, Children sing to - day.
Him redeemed and cleansed within, E - ter- nal life we all may win, Children sing to - day.
round His throne in glo-ry stand, With all the shin-ing an - gel band, Children sing to - day.

Words by Rev. A. Kenyon. **GO, WORK WHILE YOU MAY.** Rev. R. Lowry. From "Pure Gold," by per.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—Matt. 21 : 28.

1. Go, work while you may, The Saviour did say, For soon the dark night will come on, When
2. Dark shadows of night Come chasing the light, And gloom hangs a curtain a - round, But

all we might do Will fade from our view, For the work of the day will be done. With
Christ, by His death, Throws light on our path To the spir - it - land whith-er we're bound. Then

faith and with fears, 'Mid sor - row and tears, We work in the vine-yard be - low; We
sing Him a song, While passing a - long, 'Mid tear-drops and toil sing a - way, For

trust in the Lord, As taught in His word, That He will a bless - ing be - stow.
Je - sus our Lord Will give the re - ward, "Well done," at the close of the day.

HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.

WM. F. SHERWIN. by per.

"A multitude of the heavenly host praising God."—Luke 2: 13.

1. Hark! hark! my soul: Angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
2. On-ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing, "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
3. Far, far a-way, like bells at eveni-ng peal-ing, The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea:
4. An-gels, sing on! your faithful watches keep-ing, Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell-ing, Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
And thro' the dark, its ech-oes sweetly ringing, The mu-sic of the gos-pel leads us home.
And la-den souls by thousands meekly stealing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping, And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

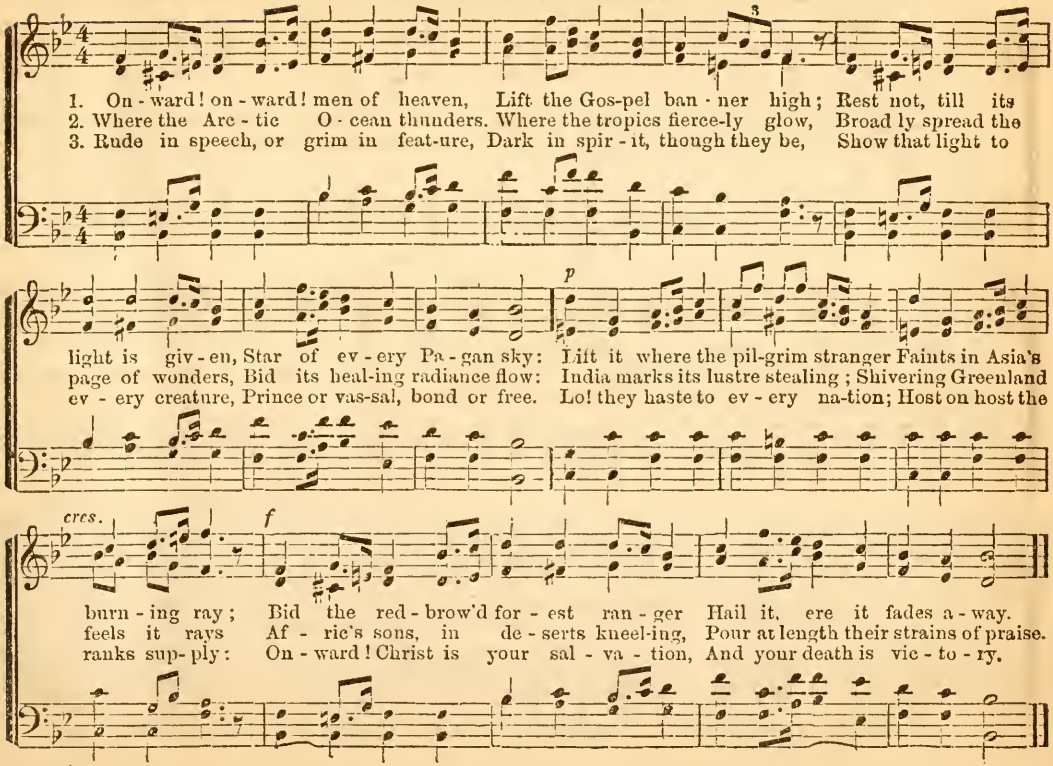
CHORUS.

An-gels of Je-sus! An-gels of light! Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

ONWARD! ONWARD!

A. J. POWELL.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations." Matt. 28 : 19.



SUNDAY SCHOOL VOLUNTEER SONG.

WORDS WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK TO THE LEADER.--The effect of this piece will be heightened by singing the first part responsively. From "Fresh Laurels," by per. WM. B. BRADBURY.

In marching movement.

1. { We are marching on with shield and banner bright. We will work for God and bat-tle for the right, We will
{ In the Sunday School our ar - my we prepare, As we ral - ly round our blessed standard there. And the
D. C We are marching onward, singing as we go, To the promised land where living waters flow : Come and

END.

praise his name rejoicing in his might, And we'll work till Jesus calls. }
Saviour's cross we early learn to bear, While we work till Jesus calls. } Then a-wake, Then a- wake, happy
join our ranks as pilgrims here below, Come and work till Jesus calls.

Then a-wake, Then a-wake,

D.C.

song, happy song, Shout for joy, shout for joy, As we glad- ly march a - long.

D.C.

happy song, ... happy song, Shout for joy, shout for joy, As we glad - ly march a - long.

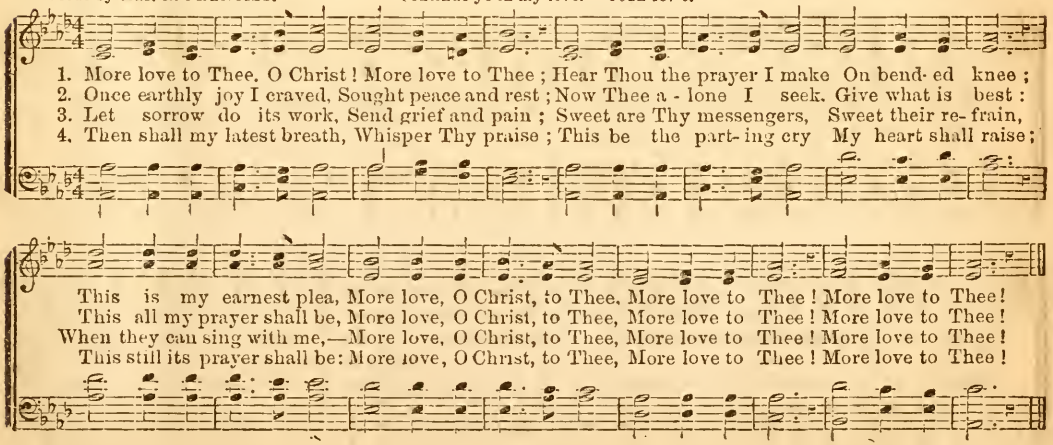
2 We are marching on, our Captain ever near,
Will protect us still, His gentle voice we hear;
Let the foe advance, we'll never, never fear,
For we'll work till Jesus calls.
Then awake, awake, our happy, happy song,
We will shout for joy, and gladly march along;
In the Lord of Hosts let every heart be strong,
While we work till Jesus calls.—*Cho.*

3 We are marching on the straight and narrow way,
That will lead to life and everlasting day,
To the smiling fields that never will decay,
But we'll work till Jesus calls.
We are marching on and pressing toward the prize,
To a glorious crown beyond the glowing skies,
To the radiant fields where pleasure never dies,
And we'll work till Jesus calls.—*Cho*

MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST.

W. H. DOANE.
From "Songs of Devotion," by per.

Words by Mrs. E. PRENTISS. "Continue ye in my love." John 15: 9.



Words written for this Work.

THE WATER OF LIFE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Fresh Laurels," by pem

"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."

CHORUS.

1. Je-sus, the water of life will give Free-ly, free-ly, free - ly, Je-sus, the water of life will give
2. Je-sus has promised a home in heav'n, Freely, freely, free - ly, Jesus has promised a home in heav'n,
3. Je-sus has promised a robe of white, Freely, freely, free - ly, Jesus has promised a robe of white,

CHORUS.

Free-ly to those who love Him. Come to that fountain, O drink and live, Freely, free - ly, free - ly,
Free-ly to those who love Him. Treasures unfading will there be given, Freely, free - ly, free - ly,
Free-ly to those that love Him. Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light, Freely, free-ly, free - ly,

DUET.

Come to that fountain, O drink and live, Flowing for those that love Him. The Spirit and the Bride say, come
Treasures unfading will there be given, Freely to those that love Him. The Spirit and the Bride say, etc.
Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light, Freely to those that love Him. The Spirit and the Bride say, etc.

CHORUS. DUET. CHORUS.

Free-ly, free-ly, free - ly, And he that is thirs-ty let him come And drink of the water of life.

FULL CHORUS.

The fountain of life is flowing, Flowing, freely flowing, The fountain of life is flowing, Is flowing for you and for me.

THE LITTLE WANDERER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Censer," by per.

S. End. Dal. S.

1. Jesus to thy dear arms I flee, I have no other help but thee; For thou dost suffer me to come, O take a little wand'rer home,

D. S. O take a lit-tle wand'rer home.

2 Jesus, I'll try my cross to bear,
I'll follow thee and never fear;
From thy dear fold I would not roam;
O take a little wanderer home,

3 Jesus, I cannot see thee here,
Yet still I know thou'rt very near;
O say my sins are all forgiven,
And I shall dwell with thee in heaven.

4 And now, dear Jesus, I am thine,
O be thou ever, ever mine,
And let me never, never roam
From thee, the little wanderer's home.

SOMETHING TO DO IN HEAVEN.

Words by R. S. TAYLOR.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Censer," Ly per.

1. There'll be something in hea-ven for children to do; None are i - dle in that bless-ed land.
2. There'll be les-sons to learn of the wis-dom of God, As they wander the green meadows o'er;
3. There'll be er-rands of love from the mansions a - bove, To the dear ones that lin-ger be - low;

D.S. *On the bright shining shore, where there's joy evermore, There'll be something for children to do.*

FINE.

There'll be loves for the heart, there'll be tho'ts for the mind, And employment for each lit-tle hand.
And they'll have for their teachers in that blest a- bode, All the good that have gone there be - fore,
And it may be, our Fa-ther, the chil-dren will send To be an-gels of mer-cy in woe.

FULL CHORUS.

D.S.

There'll be something to do; There'll be something to do; There'll be something for children to do,

SEEKING JESUS.

Words by KATE CAMERON.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Censer." By per.

1. { Thro' the world we daily roam, Seeking Je-sus, Seeking Je-sus; } { In all places high or low - ly, }
{ None in vain for this have come, Seeking Je-sus, Seeking Je-sus; } { 'Mid the sinful and the ho - ly, }

2. { If our days on earth are spent Seeking Je-sus, Seeking Je-sus; } { Tho' our path be lone and dreary, }
{ With all things we'll be content Seeking Je-sus, Seeking Je-sus; } { Tho' our steps be slow and weary, }

3. { Soon our life will all be o'er, Seeking Je-sus, Seeking Je-sus; } { In that land of peace and pleasure, }
{ We shall reach the better shore, Seeking Je-sus, Seeking Je-sus; } { We've laid up our dearest treasure, }

DUET. CHORUS. GIRLS. GIRLS & BOYS. ALL.

Seeking Je-sus, Seek-ing Je - sus. We shall find Him, We shall find Him, We shall find Him, if we

seek, He will hear us when we speak; He will answer us in love, Take us home to dwell a - bove.

SOMETIMES A LIGHT SURPRISES.

JOHN HULLAH. 1867.

1. Sometimes a light sur-pris-es The Christian while he sings; It is the Lord, who ris-es
2. In ho-ly con-tem-pla-tion, We sweetly then pur-sue The theme of God's sal-va-tion,
3. It can bring with it noth-ing, But He will bear us thro'; Who gives the li-lies cloth-ing,

With heal-ing in His wings: When comforts are de-clin-ing, He grants the soul a-gain
And find it ev-er new: Set free from pre-sent sor-row, We cheerful-ly can say,
Will clothe His people too: Be-neath the spreading heav-ens, No crea-ture but is fed;

A season of clear shining, To cheer it af-ter rain. A-men.
Let the unknown to-morrow Bring with it what it may.
And He who feeds the ravens Will give His children bread.

4.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice. Amen.

BE JOYFUL IN GOD.

THANKSGIVING ANTHEM.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Fresh Laurels," by per.

Allegro.

1. Be joy-ful in God, all ye lands of the earth; Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
Oh, serve him with gladness and fear;
2. Oh! enter his gates with thanksgiving and song, His praise in melodious accordance prolong,
Your vows in his temple proclaim;

With love and devotion draw near. Je-ho-vah is God, and Je - ho-vah alone, Cre- a - tor and Ruler o'er all,....
And bless his a- dor- a-ble name. For good is the Lord, inex-press-i- bly good, And we are the work of his hand;

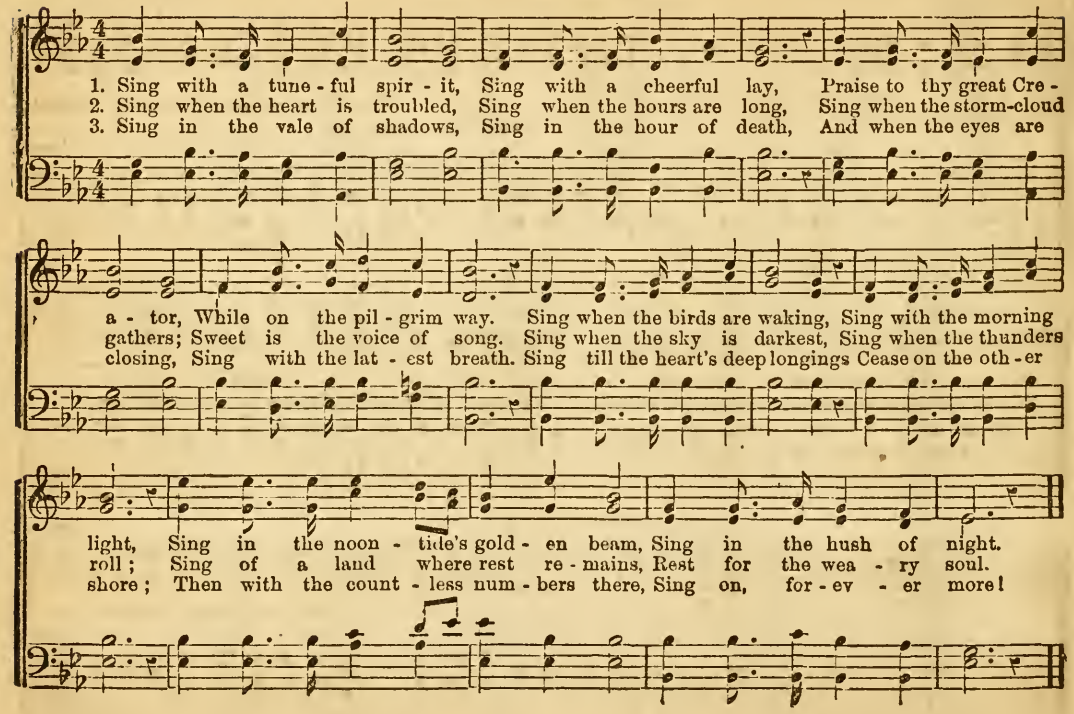
And we are his people, his sceptre we own, His sheep, and we follow his call; we follow his call, we follow his call.
His mercy and truth from eter-ni - ty stood, And shall to e-ter- ni - ty stand, to eter-ni-ty stand, to eter-ni-ty stand.

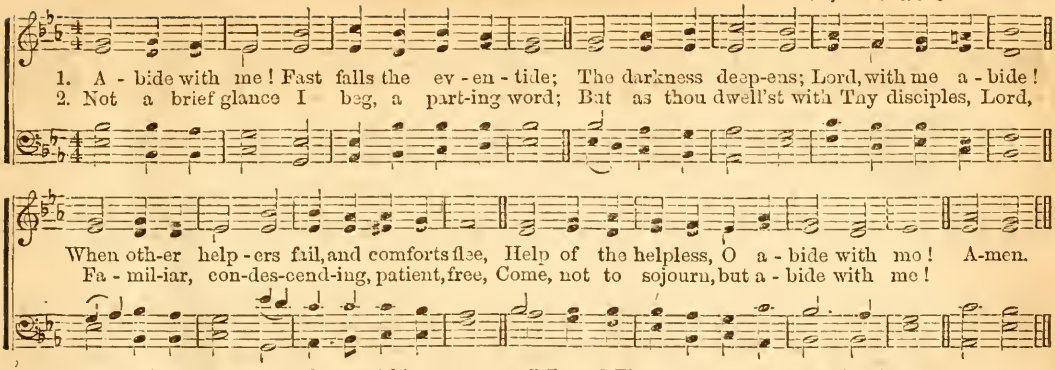
SING ALWAYS.

"I will sing praise to my God while I have my being."—Ps. civ—33.

FANNY CROSBY.

WM. F. SHERWIN.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.





3 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea:
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!

4 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

5 I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

6 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me! Amen.

THE BRIGHT CROWN. 52 Trio.

1 Ye valiant soldiers of the cross,
Ye happy praying band;
Tho' in this world you suffer loss,
You'll reach fair Canaan's land.

CHORUS.

Let us never mind the scoffs nor the frowns of the world,
For we've all got the cross to bear;
It will only make the crown the brighter to shine,
When we have the crown to wear.

2 All earthly pleasures we'll forsake,
For heaven appears in view,
In Jesus' strength we'll undertake
To fight our passage through.—*Cho.*

3 O what a glorious shout there'll be,
When we arrive at home,
Our friends and Jesus we shall see,
And God shall say, "Well done."—*Cho.*

MY SABBATH SONG.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Censer." By permission.

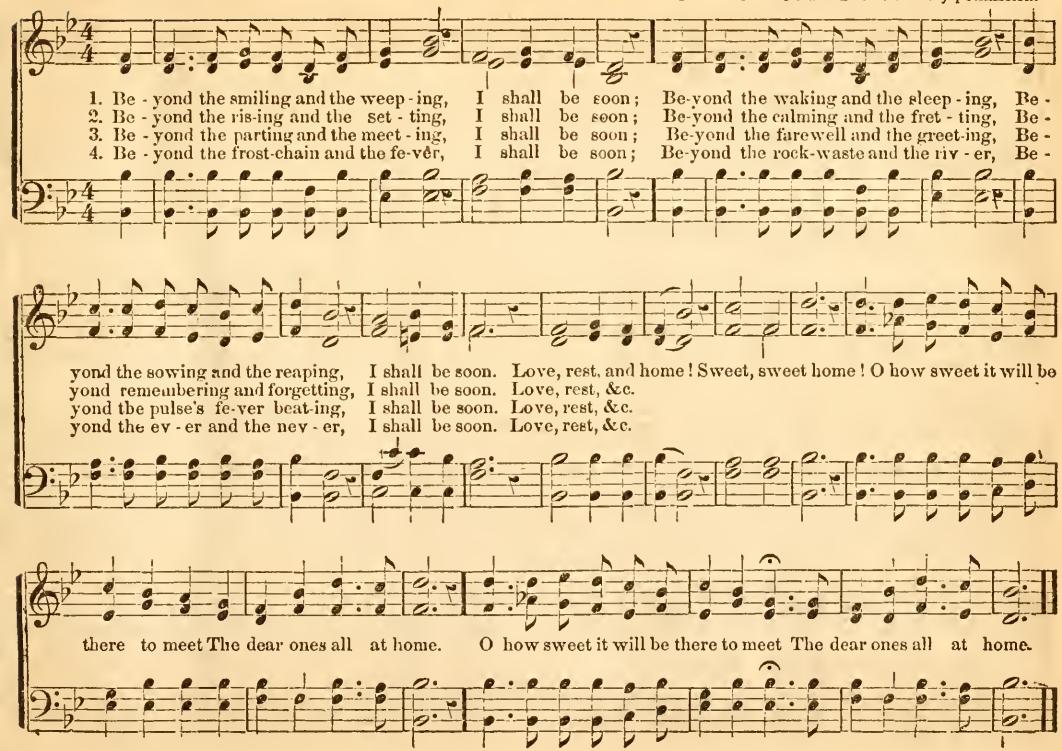
1. Strains of mu - sic oft-en greet me, As I join the bu-sy throng, But there's nothing half so
2. 'Tis a song of love and mer-cy Speaking peace to all man - kind, Tell-ing sinners poor and
3. Angels sweetly sing in glo - ry Songs of praise to God their King; But the song of blest re -
4. While I live, O, may I ev - er Love the ho - ly Sabbath song, And when death shall call me

CHORUS.

pleas-ant, As the ho - ly Sab - bath song. No fear of ill, No fear of wrong, While
need - y, Where the Sav - iour they may find.
demption, Man, redeemed, a - lone can sing.
homeward, Join it with the blood-bought throng.

I can sing my Sabbath song; My Sabbath song, My Sabbath song; I love to sing my Sabbath song.

From "New Golden Shower." By permission.



A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW. Song and Chorus.

Wm. B. BRADBURY.

Words by LUCIUS HART.

From "Golden Censer," by per.

1. There's a light in the win-dow for thee, broth-er, There's a light in the win-dow for thee;
2. There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, broth-er, When from toil and from care you are free;

A dear one has moved to the man-sions a-bove, There's a light in the win-dow for thee.
The Sav-iour has gone to pre-pare you a home, With a light in the win-dow for thee.

CHORUS.

A mansion in heaven we see, And a light in the window for thee; A mansion in heaven we see,

And a light in the window for thee.

3 O watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea,
Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee.—*Cho.*

4 Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
Till from conflict and suffering free,
Bright angels now beckon you over the stream,
There's a light in the window for thee.—*Cho.*

GO AND TELL JESUS.

"And they went and told Jesus"

THEO. F. SEWARD.

From "Golden Censer," by per.

1. Go and tell Je - sus, wea - ry, sin - sick soul, He'll ease thee of thy bur - den, make thee whole;
2. Go and tell Je - sus, when your sins a - rise Like mountains of deep guilt be - fore your eyes:
3. Go and tell Je - sus, he'll dis - pel thy fears, Will calm thy doubts, and wipe a - way thy tears;

Look up to Him, He on - ly can for - give, Be - lieve on Him, and thou shalt sure - ly live.
His blood was spilt, His precious life He gave, That mer - cy, peace and par - don you might have.
He'll take thee in His arms, and on His breast Thou mayst be hap - py, and for ev - er rest.

CHORUS.

Go and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can for-give, Go and tell Je - sus, O turn to Him and live.

Go and tell Je - sus, Go and tell Je - sus, Go and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can for-give.

Rev. GEO. LANSING TAYLOR.

DARE TO DO RIGHT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Censer," by per.

1. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! You have a work that no oth - er can do;
2. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! Oth - er men's failures can nev - er save you.
3. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! God, who cre - at - ed you, cares for you too;

Do it so brave-ly, so kind - ly, so well, An-gels will hast-en the sto - ry to tell.
Stand by your conscience, your hon - or, your faith; Stand like a he - ro, and bat - tle till death.
Treasures the tears that his striv-ing ones shed, Counts and protects ev - ery hair of your head.

CHORUS.

Dare, Dare, Dare to do right! Dare, dare, dare to be true!... Dare to be true! dare to be true!

Dare,

4 Dare to do right! dare to be true!
Keep the great judgment-seat always in view;
Look at your work as you'll look at it then—
Scanned by Jehovah, and angels, and men.
Dare to do right! &c.

5 Dare to do right! dare to be true!
Jesus, your Saviour, will carry you through;
City, and mansion, and throne all in sight,
Can you not dare to be true and do right?
Dare to do right! &c.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

SHALL WE ANCHOR.

W. H. DOANE.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

1. Shall we anchor in the har - bor, When our journey's o'er; Shall we meet our blessed Sav-iour,
2. Shall we stem the surging billows, And the heaving tide; Shall we reach that peaceful ha - ven,

CHORUS.

On that hap - py gol-den shore? Yes, we'll anchor in the har - bor, When our tri - al days are
Where the ho - ly ones a - bide?

o - ver; Yes, we'll anchor in the har - bor, On that hap - py gol - den shore.

3 O, the skies are never clouded,
In that happy land;
And a splendor gleams upon us,
As we near the golden strand.—*Cho.*

4 We are sailing, we are sailing
To that golden shore,
And we'll anchor in the harbor,
Where we'll rest forever more.—*Cho.*

SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

JOHN. M. EVANS.
From "Bright Jewels."

1. "Land a - head!" Its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fadeless green; And the liv - ing waters
2. On-ward, bark! the cape I'm rounding; See the blessed wave their hands; Hear the harps of God re -

CHORUS.

lav - ing Shores where heav'nly forms are seen. Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on
sounding From the bright immor - tal bands.

that e - ter - nal shore; Drop the an-chor! Furl the sail! I am safe within the vail!

3 There, let go the anchor, riding
On this calm and silv'ry bay;
Sea ward fast the tide is gliding,
Shores in sunlight stretch away.—*Cho.*

4 Now we're safe from all temptation,
All the storms of life are past;
Praise the Rock of our salvation,
We are safe at home at last!—*Cho.*

Mrs ANNIE S. HAWKS.

WHY WEEPEST THOU?

REV. R LOWRY.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

With expression

1. "Why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" O, wouldst thou see our Je-sus? Be - hold Him near, He
2. Why weepest thou, And seek-est thou, With doubting and re-pin - ing? O, lift thine eye! Thou
3. Be-lieve him now; Receive Him now; Look up, with faith and meekness, To Je - sus' blood, Which
4. Be-liev - est thou? Cease weeping now—Thy soul he will de - liv - er; The cross He bore; Our

REFRAIN.

marks each tear, Our bless-ed, lov - ing Je - sus. O, believe Him; O re-ceive Him—
shalt de-scry His rai-ment, near thee, shin - ing.
free - ly flowed For all thy sin and weak - ness.
sins He wore, And nailed them there for - ev - er.

There is none like Je - sus; He is near thee; He will cheer thee—On - ly trust in Je - sus.

 Words by FANNY VANALSTYNE.

TO JESUS I WILL GO.

W. H. DOANE.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

1ST.

1. { There's a gentle voice within calls away, (calls away,) 'Tis a warning I have heard o'er and o'er; (o'er and o'er,)
But my heart is melted now, I o-bey; (I obey;) From my Saviour I will wander no [OMIT.....

2. { He has promised all my sins to forgive, (to forgive,) If I ask in simple faith for his love; (for his love,)
In his holy word I learn how to live, (how to live,) And to labor for his kingdom a - [OMIT.....

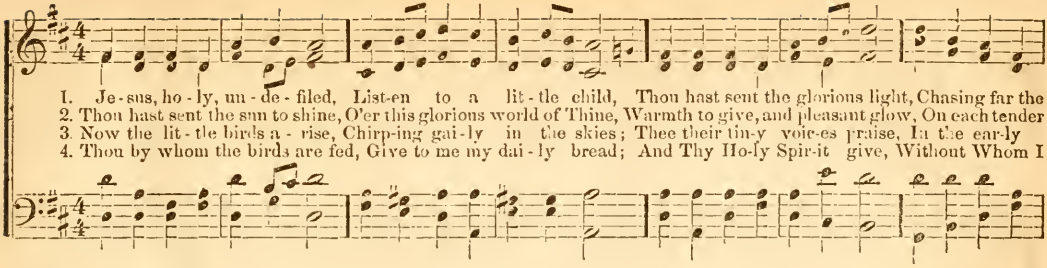
2D. | CHORUS.

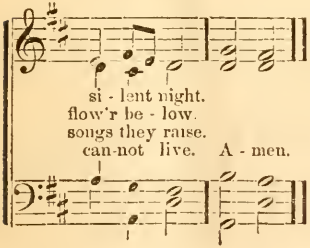
more. Yes, I will go; yes, I will go; To Je-sus I will go and be saved; Yes, I will go;
bove.

Yes, I will go; To Jesus I will go and be saved.

3 I will try to bear the cross in my youth,
And be faithful to its cause till I die;
If with cheerful step I walk in the truth,
I shall wear a starry crown by and by.-*Cho.*

4 Still the gentle voice within calls away,
And its warning I have heard o'er and o'er;
But my heart is melted now, I obey;
From my Saviour I will wander no more.
--*Cho.*





5.

Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,
As becomes a little child,
All day long, in every way,
Teach me what to do and say.

6.

Help me never to forget,
That in Thy great book is set,
All that children think and say,
For the awful Judgment Day.

7.

Let me never say a word
That will make Thee angry, Lord,
Help me so to live in love,
As Thine angels do above.

8.

Make me, Lord, in work and play,
Thine more truly every day,
And when Thou at last shalt come,
Take me to Thy heavenly home.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. Double.

1.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known:
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

2.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To Him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face.
Believe His word, and seek His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

3.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

THERE IS LIFE FOR A LOOK.

REV. E. G. TAYLOR.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

1. There is Life for a Look at the cru - ci - fied one, There is life at this moment for thee, Then

REFRAIN.

look, sinner, look un- to Him and be saved, Unto Him who was nailed to the tree. Look! Look! Look and

Live! There is life for a look at the cru - ci - fied one, There is life at this mo - ment for thee.

2 Oh why was he there as the bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?
Oh why, from his side, flowed the sin cleansing blood,
If his dying thy debt has not paid?
Look! Look! Look, &c.

3 It is not thy tears of repentance, and prayers
But the *Blood* that atones for thy soul.
On him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once,
Thy weight of iniquities roll,
Look! Look! Look, &c.

4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world, he appeared,
And completed the work he begun.
Look! Look! Look, &c.

5 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once,
The life everlasting he gives,
And know, with assurance, thou never canst die,
Since Jesus thy righteousness lives.
Look! Look! Look, &c.

THE RIFTED ROCK.

REV. R. LOWRY.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

"He smote the rock."—Ps. 78: 20.

1. In the Rift - ed Rock I'm resting, Sure and safe from all a-larm; Storms and bil-lows have u - nit - ed All in vain to do me harm; In the Rift - ed Rock I'm rest-ing, Surf is dash - ing at my feet, Storm-clouds dark are o'er me hovering, Yet my rest is all complete.

2. Many a storm - y sea I've traversed, Many a tempest-shock have known, Have been driven, without an - chor, On the bar - ren shores, and lone; Yet I now have found a ha - ven, Nev - er moved by tem-pest shock, Where my soul is safe for - ev - er, In the bless - ed Rift - ed Rock.

CHORUS.—*In the Rift - ed Rock I'm rest - ing, Sure and safe from all a-larm; Storms and bil - lows have u - nit - ed All in vain to do me harm.*

D. S. for Chorus.

SOUND THE BATTLE CRY!

Words and Music by WM. F. SHERWIN.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

Vigorously, in march time

1. Sound the bat-tle cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high For the Lord; Gird your armor on,
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know Must prevail; Shield and banner bright

CHORUS. *ff*

Stand firm ev - ery one; Rest your cause up - on His ho - ly word. Rouse then, soldiers!
Gleaming in the light; Battling for the right We ne'er can fail.

ral - ly round the banner! Ready, steady, pass the word a - long; Onward, forward,

shout aloud Hosannah! Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.

3 Oh! thou God of all,
Hear us when we call;
Help us one and all
By thy grace;
When the battle's done,
And the vict'ry won,
May we wear the crown
Before thy face. *Ch.*

KEEP PRAYING AS YOU GO.

W. H. DOANE.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

Words written for this work.

"Pray without ceasing."—1st Thess. 5 : 17.

1. Come, burdened souls, with all your guilt, And all your weight of woe, There's mer-cy at a throne of grace; Keep pray - ing as you go. Keep pray - ing, ev - er pray - ing, Thro' all our jour - ney be - low; To Je - sus, to Je - sus, Keep pray - ing as you go.
2. Be - hold the pre-cious Lamb who died For man, his love to show; And while you seek the blood-stained cross, Keep pray-ing as you go.
3. Young sold-iers, gird your ar - mor on, And bold - ly meet the foe; Let faith di - rect, and hope in - spire; Keep pray - ing as you go.
4. Ye pil-grims on the heaven-ly way, Thro' tri - als here be - low, O, nev - er doubt a Sav - iour's love; Keep pray - ing as you go.

CHORUS.

BERNARD. A.D. 1150.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

Rev. H. L. JENNER.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gol - den! With milk and honey blest; Be-neath thy con-tem -pla- tion Sink
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an angel, And
3. And they, who with their Leader, Have conquered in the fight; For ev - er and for ev - er, Are

heart and voice op - prest. I know not, Oh! I know not What joys await me there; What
all the mar- tyr throng. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from toil re-leased, The
clad in robes of white. Oh, land that seest no sor - row! Oh, state that fear'st no strife! Oh,

For last verse.

radiancy of glo-ry, What bliss beyond compare.
shout of them that triumph, The song of them that feast.
royal land of flowers! Oh, realms and home of life!

4 Oh, sweet and blessed country!
The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.—Amen.

ST. GEORGE.

Dr. G. J. ELVEY.

1. Come, ye thankful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest-home! All is safe-ly gath-ered in,
2. What is earth but God's own field, Fruit un-to His praise to yield? Wheat and tares therein are sown,
3. For we know that Thou wilt come, And wilt take Thy people home; From Thy field wilt purge away

Ere the winter-storms begin; God our Maker, doth provide, For our wants to be supplied; Come to God's own
Unto joy or sorrow grown; Ripening with a wondrous pow'r, Till the final Harvest-hour: Grant, O Lord of
All that doth offend, that day; And Thine Angels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast, But the fruitful

tem-ple, come; Raise the song of Harvest-home!
life, that we Ho-ly grain and pure may be. A - men.
ears to store In Thy gar-ner ev - er - more.

4.

Come then, Lord of mercy, come,
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-Home!
Let Thy saints be gathered in;
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
All upon the golden floor
Praising Thee for evermore;
Come, with thousand angels, come;
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-Home! Amen.

 Words by Rev. SYDNEY DYER. **LOOKING AT THE CROSS.** REV. R. LOWRY. From "Pure Gold," by per.

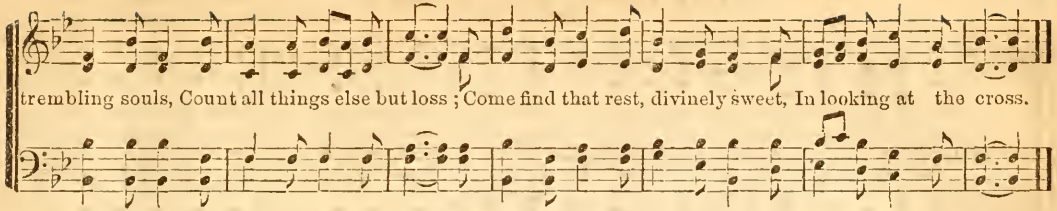
"Having made peace through the blood of his cross."—Col. 1: 20.

1. When mourning o'er my sense of guilt, My spir - it thrills with pain, Because I can - not
2. Ah! vain and hope-less each de - vice That wis - dom yet has given, To cleanse the u - ni -
3. Here let me fix my stead-fast gaze, And feast my raptured sight, Un - til my eyes ab -

hide from wrath, Nor blot one crimson stain; How soon the load of sin is gone, With its pol - lu - ting
ver - sal stain, And ope the gates of Heav'n; But Christ, the great Redeemer, comes, And pays my fearful
sorb so much I heed no oth - er light; And, looking thus till earth shall fade, 'Twill pass a trifling

CHORUS.

dross, As Christ, the bleeding Lamb, I see, When looking at the cross! O come, ye guilty,
loss; And full sal - va - tion now I find, When looking at the cross.
loss, Such fadeless glo - ries fill my soul, Still looking at the cross.

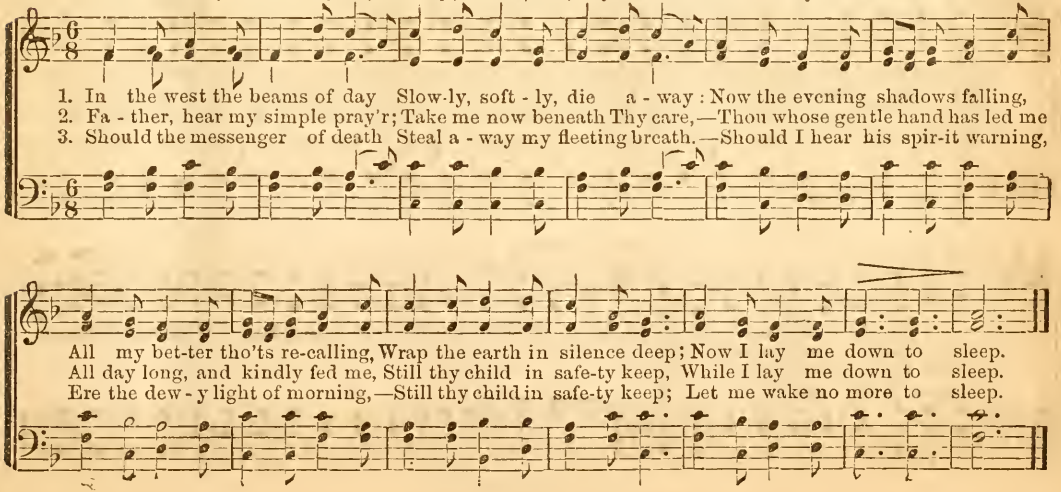


Words by FANNY CROSBY.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

T. J. COOK.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep ; for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."—Psalm 4 : 8.



THE HOUSE UPON A ROCK.

Matth. 7 : 24, 25.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Censer," by per.

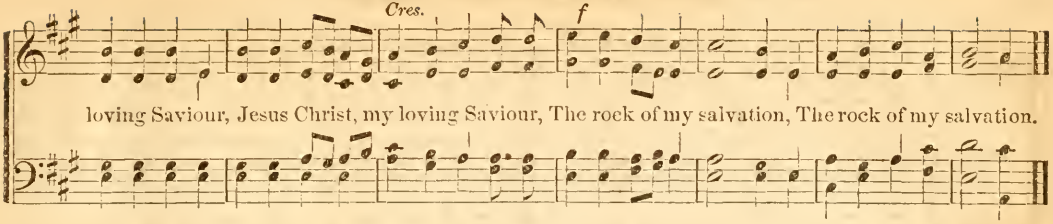
1. O, if my house is built upon a rock, I know it will stand forever; The floods may come, and the
2. For He whose word is lasting as the hills, Whose truth is unchanging ever, Hath said my house on the
3. O, if my house is built upon the sand, 'Twill fall when the floods are swelling; The winds will blow, and the
4. Then let my house be built upon a rock, For there it will stand forever; The floods may come, and the

roll-ing thunder's shock May beat upon my house that is founded on a rock, But it nev-er will fall,
sol-id rock shall stand, He'll hold it by his might in the hollow of his hand, And it nev-er will fall,
tempest will descend, And beat upon my house that is built upon the sand, And it sure-ly will fall,
roll-ing thunder's shock, May beat upon my house that is founded on a rock, But it nev-er will fall,

FULL CHORUS. *ff* *mf*

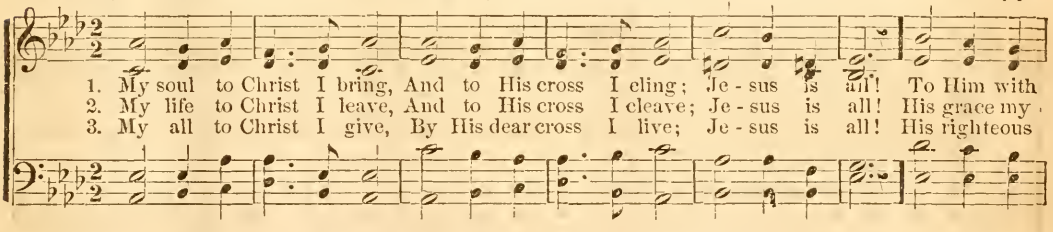
nev-er will fall, never, never, never. My rock is firm, it is my sure foundation, 'Tis Jesus Christ, my
nev-er will fall, never, never, never.
nev-er to rise, never, never, never.
nev-er will fall, never, never, never.

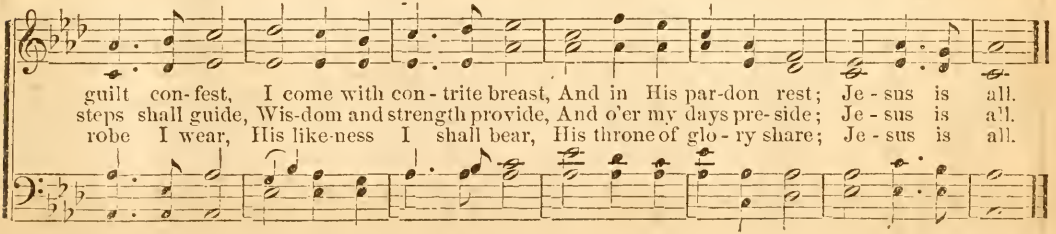
My rock is firm, is firm.



JESUS IS ALL.

Words by Rev. S. WOLCOTT. D. D. "Christ is all, and in all."—Coll. 3: 11. WM. F. SHERWIN. From N. Y. Mus. Gazette. By per.

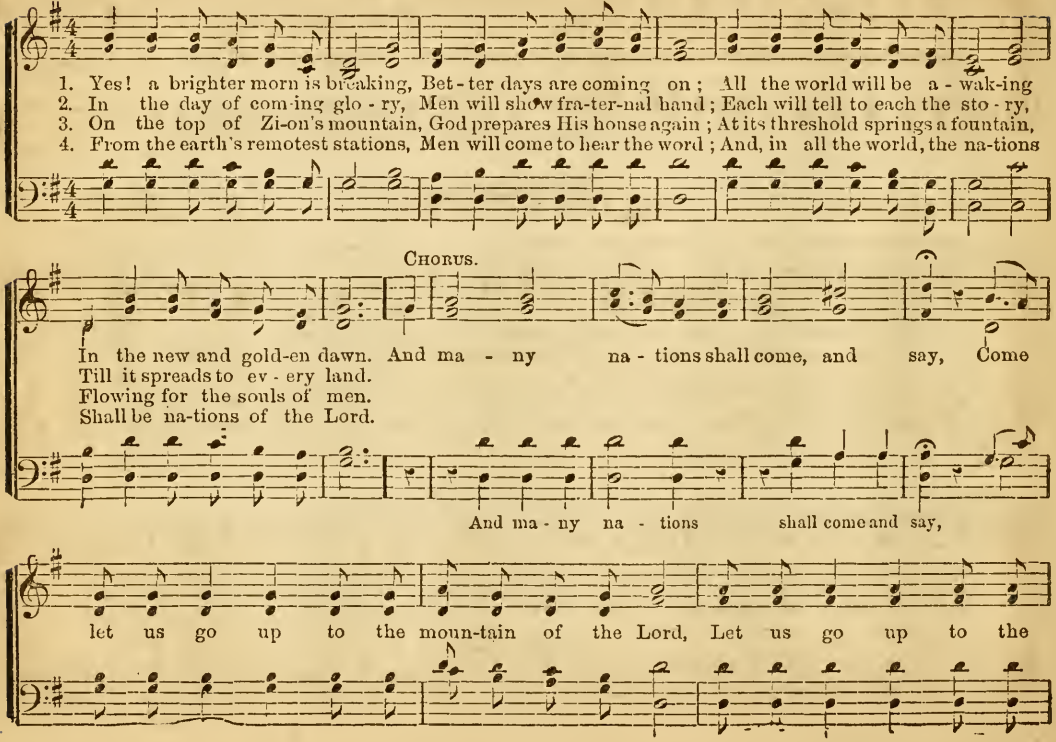


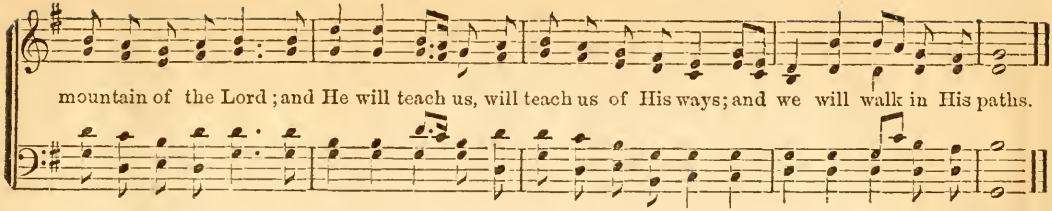


MOUNTAIN OF THE LORD.

REV. R. LOWRY.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

"But in the last days it shall come to pass, that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established in the top of the mountains, and it shall be exalted above the hills; and people shall flow unto it."—Micah. 4 : 1.



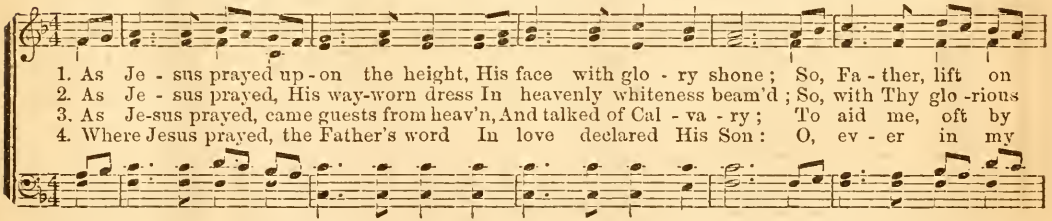


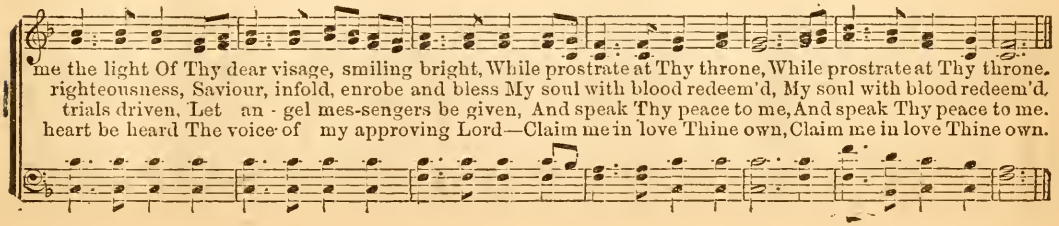
Rev. S. D. PHELPS, D.D.

AS JESUS PRAYED.

Rev. R. LOWRY.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

"And as he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and glistering."—Luke 9 : 29.





O PARADISE!

J. BARNBY.

1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the
2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! The world is growing old; Who would not be at
3. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Wherefore doth death delay? Bright death, that is the
4. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! 'Tis wea - ry wait-ing here; I long to be where

Where loy - al hearts and true

hap - py land Where they that loved, are blest;
rest and free Where love is nev - er cold?
wel - come dawn Of our e - ter - nal day;
Je - sus is, To feel, to see Him near:

} Where loy - - al hearts and true Stand

For last verse.

ev - er in the light, All rapture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight. A - men.

WHAT MUST IT BE TO BE THERE.

J. B. STURDEVANT.

From "N.Y, Mus. Gazette," by per.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun-try so bright and so fair; And oft are its glo-ries con-
2. We speak of its ser-vice of love, The robes which the glo-ri-fied wear; The church of the first-born a-

fessed, But what must it be to be there. We speak of its free-dom from sin, From sorrow, temptation and
bove, But what must it be to be there. O, Lord, while we jour-ney be-low, Our spir-its for heaven pre-

CHORUS.

care, From tri-als without and with-in, But what must it be to be there. Oh beau-ti-ful realms of the
pare, And short-ly we al-so shall know And feel what it is to be there.

blest, A-way from all sorrow and care; In mansions of glo-ry and rest, Oh what must it be to be there.

PEACEFUL SHORE.

E. ROBERTS.
By permission.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the surges cease to roll, Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor row ne'er shall press the soul? Far be - yond this world of sor - row, On fair
2. Shall we meet in that blest har- bor, When our stormy voyage is o'er? Shall we meet, and cast the an - chor By the fair ce - les - tial shore?
3. Shall we meet in yon-der ci - ty, Where the towers of crystal shine, Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work - manship di - vine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ, our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own? Shall we know His blessed fa - vor, And be - hold Him on His throne?

CHORUS.

Can-aan's peaceful shore, We shall meet, and, with our Saviour, Dwell in love for ev - er - more.

JESUS LOVES A LITTLE CHILD.

Words by W. BENNETT.

W. F. SHERWIN.
From "N. Y. Mus. Gazette," by per.

1. Je - sus loves a lit - tle child, Smiling in its in - fant glee,—Says of such in accents mild,
2. In the blessed Sunday-school, They are taught to fear the Lord; Here they find His ho - ly way,
3. When life's toilsome work is done, When the stormy strife is o'er—Then around His shining throne.

"Let them come to me;" Let them come, for - bid them not; They will sing a-round the throne;
Learn to love His word; Arm'd with this they may go forth,—Tri - umph o - ver eve - ry foe,—
On the bliss-ful shore, Shall His hap - py children meet, Sing and shout, their sufferings o'er,—

CHORUS.

Millions now are sing- ing there, Millions more may come. Je - sus loves a lit - tle child,
Spreading joy o'er all the earth, Soothing hu - man woe.
Cast their crowns at Je - sus feet, Praise Him ev - er - more.

Smil - ing in its in - fant glee,—Says of such, in ac - cents mild, "Let them come to me."

1. We are liv - ing, we are dwelling In a grand and aw - ful time, In an age on a - ges tell - ing,
2. Will ye play, then, will ye dal - ly, With your mu - sic and your wine? Up! it is Je - hovah's ral - ly!

To be liv - ing is sub - lime. Hark! the waking up of na - tions, Gog and Ma - gog to the fray;
God's own arm hath need of thine. Hark! the on - set! will ye fold your Faith - clad arms in la - zy lock?

Hark! what sound eth? is creation Groaning for its lat - ter day.
Up, O up, thou drowsy soldier; Worlds are charging to the shock.

3 Worlds are charging—heaven beholding
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On—right onward, for the right.
On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God!

SECOND HYMN.

1 Onward, Christian, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone;
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee,—press thou on!

2 Listen, Christian, their Hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee,—"God is love,"
Write upon thy red-cross banner,
"Upward ever,—heaven's above."

3 By the thorn-road and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother,
Jesus trod it,—press thou on!

4 By thy trustful, calm endeavor,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver,
For their sake, O press thou on!

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
2. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail! the Sun of righteousness! Light and life to all He brings,

God and sin - ners re - con-ciled." Joy - ful all ye na - tions rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies;
Risen with heal - ing in His wings. Let us then with an - gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King;

With th'angel - ic host pro-claim, Christ is born in Beth-le - hem, Christ is born in Beth-le - hem.
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners re-con-ciled, God and sin - ners re-con-ciled.

SECOND HYMN. 8s & 7s.

1. Crown His head with endless blessing
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassion never ceasing,
Comes, salvation to proclaim.
Lo, Jehovah, we adore Thee—
Thee, our Saviour—Thee, our God;
From Thy throne let beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.

2. Jesus Thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round Thy throne.
Now, ye saints, His power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.

ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS.

REV. R. LOWRY.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

1. One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me! But heav'n is near - er, And Christ is
2. One more day's work for Je - sus: How glorious is my King! 'Tis joy, not du - ty, To speak his

CHORUS.

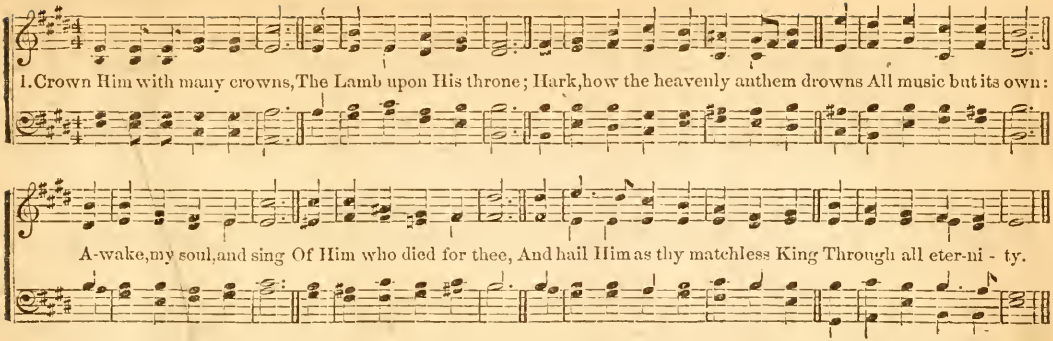
dear - er Than yes - ter-day, to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to-night. One more day's work for
beau - ty; My soul mounts on the wing At the mere tho't How Christ my life has bought.

Je - sus, One more day's work for Jesus, One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me.

3 One more day's work for Jesus;
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story,
To show the glory,
Where Christ's flock enter in!
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine!
One more, &c.

4 One more day's work for Jesus—
O, yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all—
Before his face I fall.
One more, &c.

5 O, blessed work for Jesus!
O, rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for Him is sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day!
One more, &c.



2 Crown Him the Lord of love:
Behold His hands and side,
Rich Wounds yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown Him the Lord of peace:
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL ARMY. 27 Trio.

1 O, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your Friend,
O, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your Friend.
He will give you grace to conquer,
He will give you grace to conquer,
And keep you to the end.

CHO.—I am glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
And I'll battle for the school.

2 Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win;
Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win.
For the Saviour is your Captain,
For the Saviour is your Captain,
And He has vanquished sin.—*Cho.*

3 And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand;
And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand.
You shall sing His praise for ever,
You shall sing His praise for ever,
In Canaan's happy land.

Cho.—I am glad, &c.

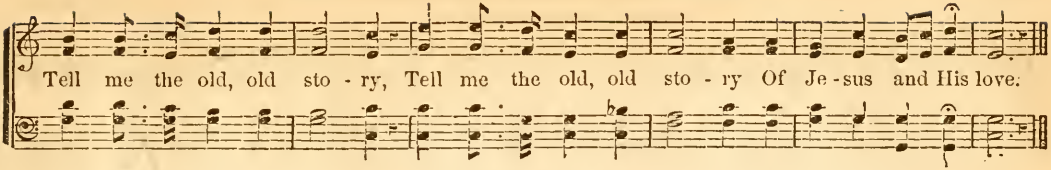
THE OLD, OLD STORY.

W. H. DOANE.
From "Songs of Devotion," by per.

"Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."—Gal. 2: 20.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un séen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea-ry, And help- less and de - filed. Tell me the old, old sto - ry,
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That won-der - ful re-demption, God's rem - e - dy for sin. Tell me the sto - ry of - ten, For I for - get so soon! The "ear - ly dew" of morning Has passed a - way at noon.
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With earnest tones, and grave; Re - member! I'm the sinner Whom Je - sus came to save. Tell me that sto - ry al - ways, If you would real - ly be, In a - ny time of trou-ble, A com - fort - er to me.
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's empty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's glo - ry Is dawn-ing on my soul, Tell me the old, old sto-ry: "Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

CHORUS.

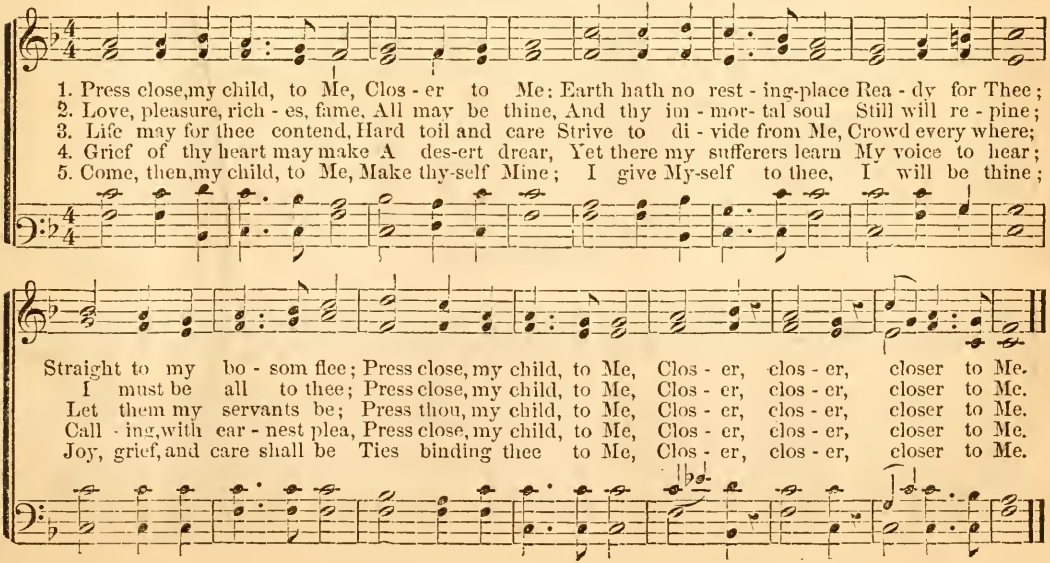


Mrs. E. PRENTISS.

CLOSER TO ME.

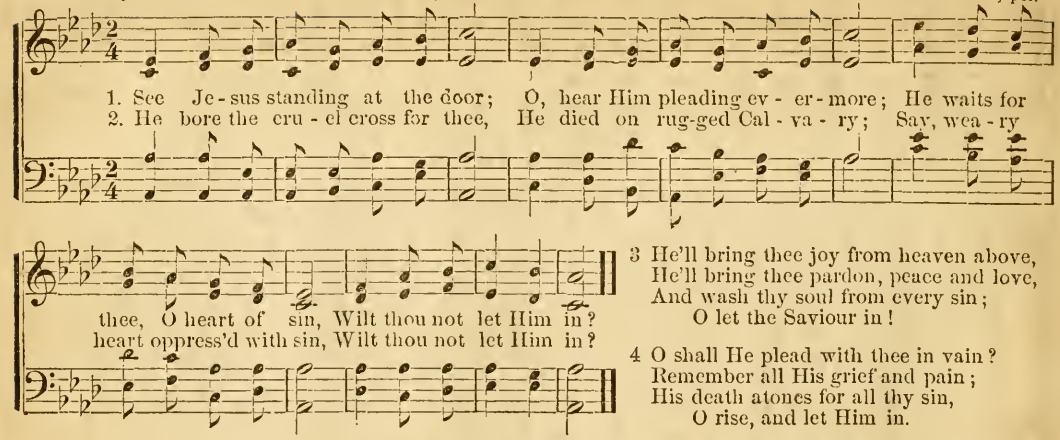
Rev. R. LOWRY.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

"It is good for me to draw near to God."—Ps. 73 : 28.



WAITING SAVIOUR.

Words by W. BENNETT. "Behold, I stand at the door."—Rev. 3: 20. WM. F. SHERWIN. From "Pure Gold." By per.

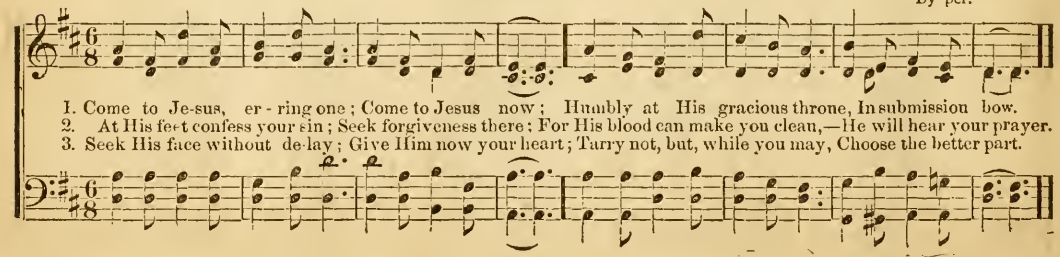


3 He'll bring thee joy from heaven above,
He'll bring thee pardon, peace and love,
And wash thy soul from every sin;
O let the Saviour in!

4 O shall He plead with thee in vain?
Remember all His grief and pain;
His death atones for all thy sin,
O rise, and let Him in.

SUBMISSION.

H. N. WHITNEY. By per.



I AM WAITING BY THE RIVER.

DR. TH. HASTINGS.

1. I am wait - ing by the riv - er, And my heart has wait-ed long; Now I think I hear the cho - rus Of the an - gels welcome song, Oh, I see the dawn is break - ing On the hill - tops of the blest, "Where the wick-ed cease from troub - ling, And the wea - ry be at rest.

2 Far away beyond the shadows
Of this weary vale of tears,
There the tide of bliss is sweeping
Through the bright and changeless years,
O! I long to be with Jesus,
In the mansions of the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest."

3 They are launching on the river,
From the calm and quiet shore,
And they soon will bear my spirit
Where the weary sigh no more;
For the tide is swiftly flowing,
And I long to greet the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest."

THE BEAUTEOUS DAY.

GEO. F. ROOT.
By per. of Root & Cady.

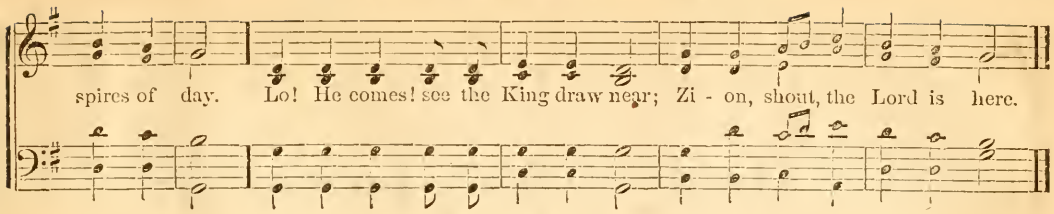
Slow.

1. We are watching, we are wait-ing, For the bright pro-phet-ic day: When the sha-dows,
2. We are watching, we are wait-ing, For the star that brings the day: When the night of
3. We are watching, we are wait-ing, For the beauteous King of day: For the Chief-est

CHORUS.

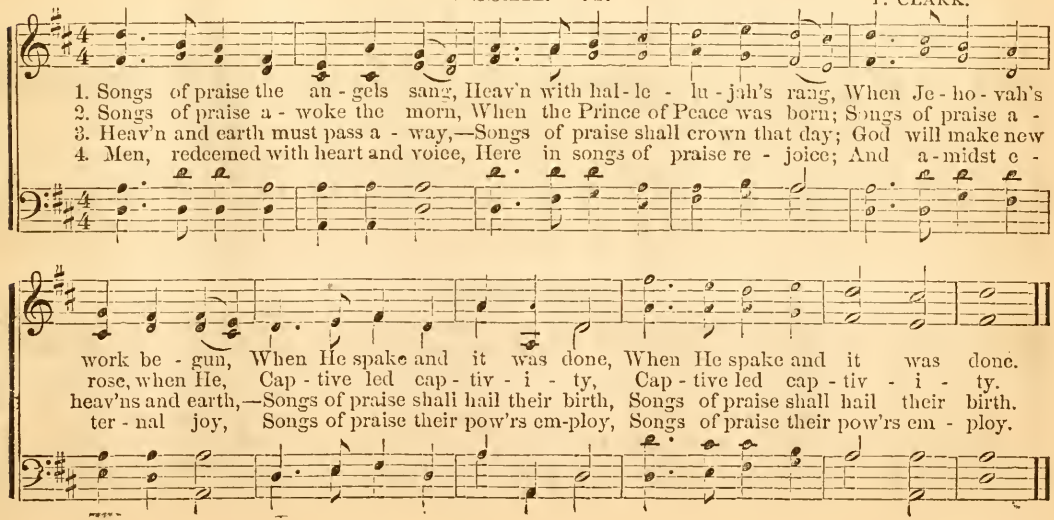
wea - ry shadows, From the world shall roll a - way. We are wait-ing for the morning,
sin shall van-ish, And the sha-dows melt a - way. We are wait-ing, &c.
of ten thousand, For the Light, the Truth, the way. We are wait-ing, &c.

When the beauteous day is dawning; We are wait-ing for the morning, For the gold-en



ESSEX. 7s.

T. CLARK.



MERCY'S FREE!

From WEBER.

FINE.

1. By faith I view my Sav-iour dy - ing, On the tree, On the tree; To ev-ery na-tion He is
2. Did Christ when I was sin pur-su - ing, Pit - y me? Pit - y me? And did He snatch my soul from
3. Je - sus my wea-ry soul re-fresh-es; Mer-cy's free! Mercy's free! And ev-ery moment Christ is
4. Long as I live, I'll still be cry - ing Mercy's free! Mercy's free! And this shall be my theme when

1. D. C. *Hark! hark! what precious words I hear, Mer - cy's free, Mer-cy's free!*
2. *And now my hap-py soul can sing, Mer - cy's free, Mer-cy's free!*
3. *All may en - joy the Sav-iour's love, Mer - cy's free, Mer-cy's free!*
4. *I'll sing, while endless a - ges last, Mer - cy's free, Mer-cy's free!*

D. C.

cry - ing, Look to me, Look to me. He bids the guilty now draw near, Repent, believe, dismiss their fear.
ru - in? Can it be? Can it be? Oh, yes! He did sal-vation bring: He is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
pre-cious Un-to me, Un-to me. None can describe the bliss I prove, While thro' this wilderness I rove,
dying, Mercy's free, Mercy's free! And when the vale of death I've pass'd, When lodg'd above the stormy blast,

SWEET STORY.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a-mong men, How He
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,— His arms had been thrown around me, And that
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share in His love; And
4. In that beauti-ful place He has gone to prepare, For all who are washed and forgiven; And

BEAUTIFUL ZION.

1. Beauti - ful Zi - on built a - bove, Beautiful ci - ty that I love, Beauti-ful gates of pearly white,
2. Beauti-ful heav'n, where all is light, Beautiful angels, clothed in white, Beautiful strains that never tire,
3. Beautiful crowns on every brow. Beautiful palms the conquerors show, Beautiful robes the ransom'd wear,
4. Beauti-ful throne of Christ our King, Beautiful songs the angels sing, Beautiful rest, all wandering cease,

Beauti-ful tem-ple—God its light; He who was slain on Cal-va-ry, O-pens those pearly gates to me.
Beauti-ful harps thro' all the choir; There shall I join the chorus sweet, Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.
Beauti-ful all who en-ter there: Thither I press with eager feet, There shall my rest be long and sweet.
Beauti-ful home of perfect peace; There shall my eyes the Saviour see; Haste to this heav'nly home with me.

SWEET STORY. Concluded.

called lit - tle child - ren as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."
if I thus ear - nest - ly seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.
ma - ny dear child-ren are gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the king-dom of heaven."

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

WE'RE GOING HOME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

"To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."—Phil. 1: 21.

1. Our wea - ry days will soon be o - ver, And ev - ery night of gloom Be lost in that de - light-ful
2. The heart that finds re-pose in Je - sus, Can smile at ev - ery pain, "To live is Christ," in joy or
3. The hand of death may rend a - sun-der Our dear - est earthly ties; Yet faith un-veils a world of

wak - ing Of bliss, be - yond the tomb; A - round our frail and shat-tered bark, When
sor - row,—"To die, im - mor - tal gain;" We look be - yond these fad - ing scenes, Tho'
glo - ry, And there we long to rise; Faith soars a - loft on ea - gle wings, A -

o - ean bil - lows foam, The soul a - mid the storm can sing,—Praise God, we're go-ing home!
strangers here we roam; We have a sure a - bid - ing place,—Praise God, we're go-ing home!
bove yon a - zure dome, Brings heavenly vis - ions to our sight,—Praise God, we're go-ing home!

1. Meet me in that lov-ely land, Where the happy white-robed band, Round the throne of glory stand,
2. Meet me on that peaceful shore, When earth's toilsome work is o'er, Where our friends have gone before,
3. Meet me in that world of light, Where, amid the glo-ries bright, All who con-quer in the fight,

CHORUS.

Ev - er blest at God's right hand. Meet in bliss no tongue can tell; Meet, with angel bands to dwell,
And the ransom'd part no more.
Share the be - a - ti - fic sight.

Meet in heaven where all is well, Meet me in that land.

4 Meet me in that world of cheer,
Where is seen no falling tear,
Where no clouds of night appear,
Where the sky is ever clear.—*Cho.*

5 Gentle Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Guide us to that realm above,
Where the saints forever prove
All the fulness of thy love.—*Cho.*

Words by A. DICKINSON.

JACOB'S PRAYER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Fresh Laurels," by per.

1. All night long till break of day, Ja - cob wept his bit - ter pray'r, Till the An - gel on his way, Christ the An gel blest him there. I'm a need - y sin - ner too, Torn with an-guish, guilt and fear, I to Je - sus too will go, Go and bathe his feet with tears.

2. Je - sus, at Thy cross I lie All night long till break of day; Per - ish here, if I must die— Un - for - giv'n, go not a - way. Sav - iour, wilt thou take my heart? It is all I have to give, Sin - de - filed in ev - ery part, Such a gift wilt Thou re - ceive?

3. Oh, how kind - ly Je - sus spoke: "Go in peace—all is for-given, Wilt thou all for me for - sake, Love, and fol - low me to heav'n?" Je - sus, I thy goodness bless, And with wondering love a - dore; Let me nev - er love Thee less, Let me love Thee more and more.

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER. From "Golden Censer," by per.

1. We are com - ing, bless-ed Sav-iour, We hear thy gen-tle voice, We would be thine for ev - er, And in Thy love re - joice. We are com - ing, we are com - ing, We are
2. We are com - ing, bless-ed Sav-iour, To meet that hap-py band, And sing with them for ev - er, And in Thy pre-sence stand. We are com - ing, &c.
3. We are com - ing, bless-ed Sav-iour, Our fa-ther's house we see— A glo-rious man-sion ev - er, For child-ren young as we. We are com - ing, &c.
4. We are com - ing, bless-ed Sav-iour, To crown our Je-sus King, And then with an - gels ev - er, His prais-es we will sing. We are com - ing, &c.

FULL CHORUS.

com-ing, bless-ed Sav-iour, We are com - ing, we are com-ing, We hear thy gen-tle voice.

FANNY CROSBY.

SHOUT ALOUD FOR JOY.

CHESTER G ALLEN.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

DUET.

1. How we love to sing of the star whose light Shone forth from the east on that blessed night, When a
2. 'Twas the birth of Him who was long foretold, The hope of the just in the days of old, That the

CHORUS.

choral chant from the angels bright, Woke the earth in joy-ful numbers. Glo - ry, glo - ry in the
angels sang to their harps of gold, And proclaim'd in joy - ful numbers.

highest, Shout aloud for joy all ye saints in heav'n: Glory, glory in the highest, Peace, good will to man be given.

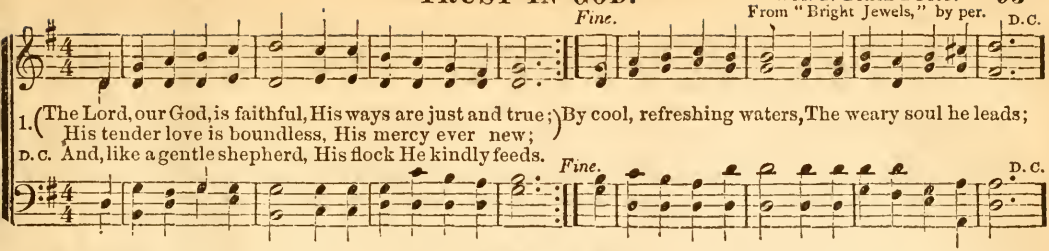
3 'Twas the Saviour's birth and the holy time,
That spoke to the world in a voice sublime;
And it called the nations of every clime,
To exalt His name and praise Him. *Cho.*

4 To redeem the lost from His fold that stray'd,
The crown of His kingdom aside He laid;
And the debt of sin by His death he paid,
From the grave he rose victorious. *Cho*

5 Still we love to sing of the star whose light
Shone forth from the east on that blessed night,
When a choral chant from the angels bright,
Woke the earth in joyful numbers. *Cho.*

TRUST IN GOD.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

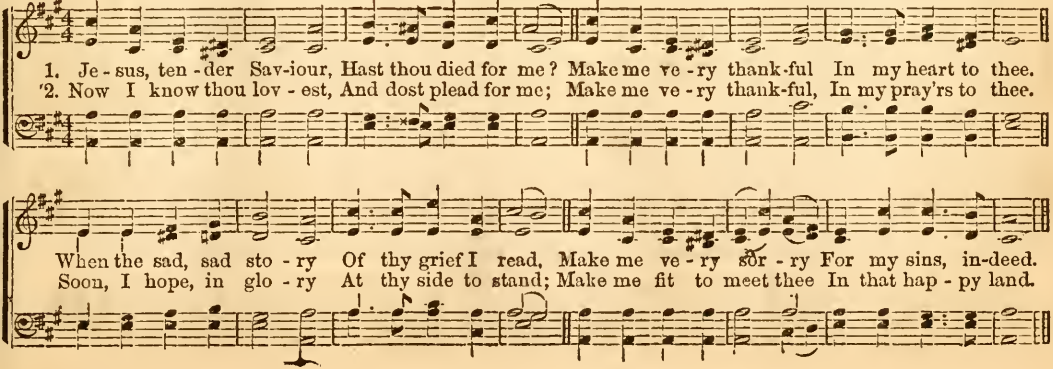


2 We'll praise Him for his goodness,
And trust Him for his grace;
He will not always chide us,
Nor hide his smiling face;
For while in deep contrition
Our hearts to Him return,
He gives the cheerful promise,
To comfort those that mourn.

3 We'll trust for every blessing
Our Father, and our Guide;
We'll trust Him in our weakness,
Still walking by His side;
We'll trust Him on the billow;
We'll trust Him on the shore;
And, through eternal ages,
We'll trust Him ever more.

LUELLA.

H. N. WHITNEY. By per.



MARCHING ALONG.

Words by R. P. CLARK.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Chain." By permission.

1. The chil-dren are gath'ring from near and from far, The trumpet is sounding the call for the war; The
2. The foe is be-fore us in bat-tle ar-ray, But let us not wav-er nor turn from the way, The
3. We've listed for life, and will camp on the field, With Christ as our captain we never will yield; The
4. Thro' conflicts and trials our crowns we must win, For here we contend 'gainst temptation and sin; But

con-flict is raging, 'twill be fear-ful and long, We'll gird on our armor, and be march-ing a-long.
Lord is our strength, be this ev-er our song, With courage and faith we are march-ing a-long.
"sword of the Spir-it," both trus-ty and strong, We'll hold in our hands as we're marching a-long.
one thing as-sures us, we can-not go wrong, If trust-ing our Saviour while marching a-long.

CHORUS.

Marching a-long, we are marching a-long, Gird on the ar-mor and be marching along, The

con-flict is rag-ing, 'twill be fear-ful and long, Then gird on the armor and be marching a-long.

WALBRIDGE.

Words by W. C. W. Arr. from NANNIE.

1. Turn to the Lord and live, On His true word believe; He will your soul receive, Oh, turn to Him.
2. Lis-ten! His promise hear, Jesus can soothe all fear, He can dry every tear, Oh, turn to Him.
3. He, for thy sins hath died, Jesus, the Cruci-fied, He, sac-ri-fice supplied, Oh, turn to Him.

CHORUS.

Je-sus a-bove me, Teach me to love Thee; From sin re-move me, Lord, hear my prayer.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

SABBATH WELCOME.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

"Ye shall keep the Sabbath therefore; for it is holy unto you."—Ex. 31: 14.

1. We welcome this beau-ti - ful Sabbath of rest, Our Fa - ther has made it, 'tis hallowed and blest;
2. Now joy-ful a - way to the tem-ple of prayer, The Lord will be with us, His chil-dren are there;
3. How hap-py the peo - ple whose God is the Lord, Who walk in His counsel, and trust in His word;
4. Sing on, O ye ransomed, now safe on the shore; Sing on, you have anchored, your trials are o'er;

In songs of de - vo-tion, thanksgiving and praise, Our hearts and our voic-es to-geth - er we'll raise.
The light of His glo - ry, the smile of His love, Will beam like the Sun from His kingdom a - bove.
And look for the prom-ise the Sav-iour has given, A robe and a crown for the faithful in heaven.
We'll follow your footsteps, we long to be-hold The riv - er of life and the cit - y of gold.

CHORUS.

Let us worship our King, and be glad while we sing, Let the hills and the valleys with melody ring; Let the deep hear the strain, and repeat it a - gain, Hal-le - lu - jah! hal-le - lu-jah! hal-le - lu-jah! A - men.

'TWILL NOT BE LONG.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.
From "Bright Jewels," by pet

Duet. Slow and gliding.

I. 'Twill not be long our journey here, Each bro-ken sigh and fall - ing tear Will soon be gone, and
2. 'Twill not be long the yearning heart May feel its ev - ery hope depart, And grief be mingled

Rit. *Refrain.* *Allegro.*

all will be A cloudless sky, a waveless sea. Roll on, dark stream, We
with its song; We'll meet again, 'twill not be long.

Roll on, roll on, dark stream, roll on, We

Rit.

dread not thy foam; The Pil - grim is long - ing for Home, sweet home.

3 Though sad we mark the closing eye,
Of those we lov'din days gone by,
Yet sweet in death their latest song—
We'll meet again, 'twill not be long. Roll on, &c.

4 These checkered wilds, with thorns o'erspread,
Through which our way so oft is led—
This march of time, if faith be strong,
Will end in bliss, 'twill not be long. Roll on, &c.

 Words by R. W. RAYMOND.

BATTLE SONG.

From the German.
Arr. by J. R. H.

1. The God who spanned the heav'ns above, And spread the earth around us, Is He, whose pow'rful
2. Then fly our ban - ner o - ver - head, And let its mot - to glorious A - bove us eve - ry -
3. The crown His faith- ful sol-diers win, Who would not proudly wear it! The praise, the Mas-ter's

arm of love From slav- 'ry has un - bound us: And in his conqu'ring train we march, Not
where be spread, "In Christ we are vic - to - rious!" Lo! how the ranks of Sa - tan quake! And
"Wel - come in!" Who would not die to share it! Then sound the trumpets toward the foe! We'll

sul - len and des - pairing, But sword in hand at His command, For do - ing and for dar - ing.
through the battle's frowning, See, Jesus stands, with outstretched hands, For blessing and for crowning.
show by our be - havior How freemen fight for God and right, Whose Captain is their Sav - iour!

FANNY CROSBY. CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Loud swell in cho - ral numbers The praise of Je - sus' name, His goodness, truth and mer - cy Let
2. We blend our hap-py voi - ces, We lift our hearts a - bove; We thank our kind Pro - tec - tor For

young and old proclaim. Ex - alt Him, O ye na-tions, And crown Him while ye sing: The Lord of life e-
all His ten-der love. How bright the year de-part-ed With blessings passed away; Loud swell our choral

CHORUS.

ter - nal, Cre - a - tor, Saviour, King. "How blessed are the peo-ple That know the joyful sound," Whose
numbers On this glad, festive day. How blessed, &c.

strains shall yet be waft - ed To earth's re-mot-est bound.

3 Hosanna in the highest,
Our grateful songs shall be;
Hosanna in the highest,
Our Saviour God, to Thee:
And when, with all the ransomed,
Around Thy throne we meet,
We'll cast our crowns before Thee,
And worship at Thy feet.—CHO.

THEY ARE GOING DOWN THE VALLEY.

REV. R. LOWRY.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

Slow and solemn.

1. Gone to the grave is our loved one, Gone with a youthful bloom; Lowly we bend, schoolmate and friend
2. Oft we have mingled to - geth - er, Sometimes in prayer and song; Now when we meet, this one we greet

CHORUS.

Pass - ing a - way to the tomb. They are going down the val - ley, The deep, dark val - ley; We'll
Nev - er a - gain in our throng.

see their fa - ces nev - er more, Till we pass down the val - ley, The dark, death val - ley, And

meet them on the oth - er shore.

3 Sweetly the form will be sleeping,
Under the cypress shade;
Sad though we be, fondly will we
Cherish the name of the dead. *Cho.*

4 Down in the valley they're going,
Down to the other shore;
But with the blest—fair land of rest—
Weeping will come never more. *Cho.*

LORD'S DAY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Fresh Laurels," by per.

Spirited, but not to fast.

1. Christ, the Lord is risen to-day, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! Our tri - umph-ant ho - ly day, Hal - le -
2. Love's redeem - ing work is done, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! Fought the fight, the bat - tle won: Hal - le -

lu - jah, praise the Lord. He who died up - on the cross, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! suffer'd to re -
lu - jah, praise the Lord. Lo! the sun's e - clipse is o'er, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! Lo! he sets in

FULL CHORUS.

deem our loss, Halle - lu - jah, praise the Lord! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord.
blood no more, Halle - lu - jah, praise the Lord! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,—
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave!

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Follow our exalted head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

BRIGHT HOME ABOVE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Censer," by per.

1. We are go - ing, we are go - ing, To a home beyond the skies, Where the fields are robed in
2. We are go - ing, we are go - ing, And the mu - sic we have heard Like the ech-o of the
D. C. *We are go - ing, we are go - ing, To a home be-yond the skies, Where the fields are robed in*

End.

beau-ty, And the sunlight nev-er dies. Where the fount of joy is flow - ing, In the val-ley green and
woodland, Or the car-ol of a bird. In the ro - sy light of morn - ing, On the calm and fragrant
beau-ty, And the sunlight nev-er dies.

D. C.

fair, We shall dwell in love together, There will be no parting there.
air, Still it murmurs, softly murmurs, There will be no parting there.

3.

We are going, we are going,
When the day of life is o'er—
To that pure and happy region
Where our friends have gone before;
They are singing with the angels
In that land so bright and fair;
We shall dwell with them forever,
There will be no parting there.
We are going, &c.

May be sung as TRIO or SEMI-CHORUS. From "Golden Chain," by per.

1. Shall hymns of grateful love, Thro' heaven's high arches ring, And all the hosts above, Their songs of triumph sing.

FULL CHORUS. *ff* *ff* *pp Echo at a distance.*

And shall not we take up the strain, And send the echo back a-gain? And send the ech-o, *send the ech - o,*

ff *pp*

send the ech - o, *send the ech - o,* Send the ech - o, send the ech - o back a - gain.

2 Shall every ransomed tribe
Of Adam's scattered race,
To Christ all powers ascribe,
Who saved them by his grace.—*Cho.*

3 Shall they adore the Lord,
Who bought them with His blood,
And all the love record,
That led them home to God.—*Cho.*

4 Then spread the joyful sound,
The Saviour's love proclaim,
And publish all around,
Salvation through His name.—*Cho.*

GLORY, GLORY TO THE LAMB.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
"From "Golden Censer." By per.

1. Hark, the sweetest notes of angels singing, Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb, All the hosts of heav'n their
2. Ye for whom His precious life was giv'n, Sacred themes to you belong; Come, and join the glorious
3. Endless life in Christ our Lord possessing, Let us praise His precious name; Glo-ry, hon-or, rich-es

REFRAIN.

trib-ute bringing, Rais-ing high the Saviour's name. We will join the beau-ti-ful an-gels,
choir of hea-ven, Join the ev-er-last-ing song.
power, and blessing, Be for-ev-er to the Lamb.

We will join the beautiful an-gels, Singing a-way, Singing a-way, Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb.

SHALL WE SING IN HEAVEN?

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Chain," by per.

1. Shall we sing in heaven for ev - er—Shall we sing? Shall we sing? Shall we sing in heaven for ev - er,
2. Shall we sing with ho - ly an - gels In that land? In that land? Shall we sing with ho - ly an-gels
3. Shall we rest from care and sor-row, In that land? In that land? Shall we rest from care and sorrow,

REFRAIN.

In that hap-py land. Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that hap-py land, They that meet shall sing for ever,
In that hap-py land. Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that hap-py land, Saints and an-gels sing for ev - er,
In that hap-py land. Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that hap-py land, They that meet shall rest for ever,

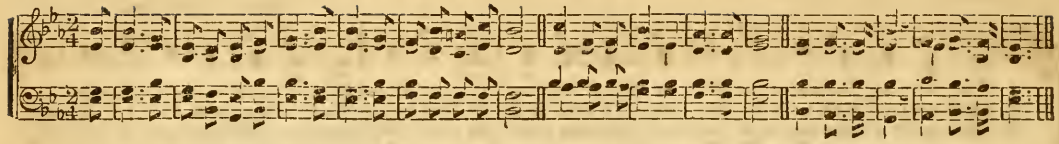
Far be-yond the roll-ing riv - er, Meet to sing and love for ev - er, In that hap - py land.

4 Shall we meet our dear, lost children
In that land? In that land?
Shall we meet our dear, lost children
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Children meet and sing for ever
Far beyond the rolling river,
Meet to sing and love for ever,
In that happy land.

5 Shall we know our blessed Saviour
In that land? In that land?
Shall we know our blessed Saviour
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
We shall know our blessed Saviour,
Far beyond the rolling river,
Love and serve him there for ever,
In that happy land

MAY I COME IN?

WM. F. SHERWIN. By per.



1 Behold me standing at the door,
And hear me pleading ever-more
With gentle voice above the din,
"May I come in?" "May I come in?"

2 I fought for thee with death's dark wave,
I burst the dungeons of the grave;
I would my rightful guerdon win—
"May I come in?" "May I come in?"

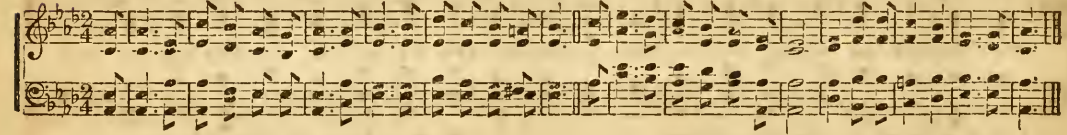
3 I wore the cruel thorns for thee;
I listen long and patiently
To hear thy footsteps from within,
"May I come in?" "May I come in?"

4 There's surely room within thy breast
For one more loving than the rest;
More loving far than earthly kin—
"May I come in?" "May I come in?"

5 I would not have thee beat in vain
My Father's door, and plead in pain
When Heaven and all its joys begin—
"May I come in?" "May I come in?"

O LAMB OF GOD, COME IN!

By permission. (Answer to "MAY I COME IN?") Words and Music by WM. F. SHERWIN.

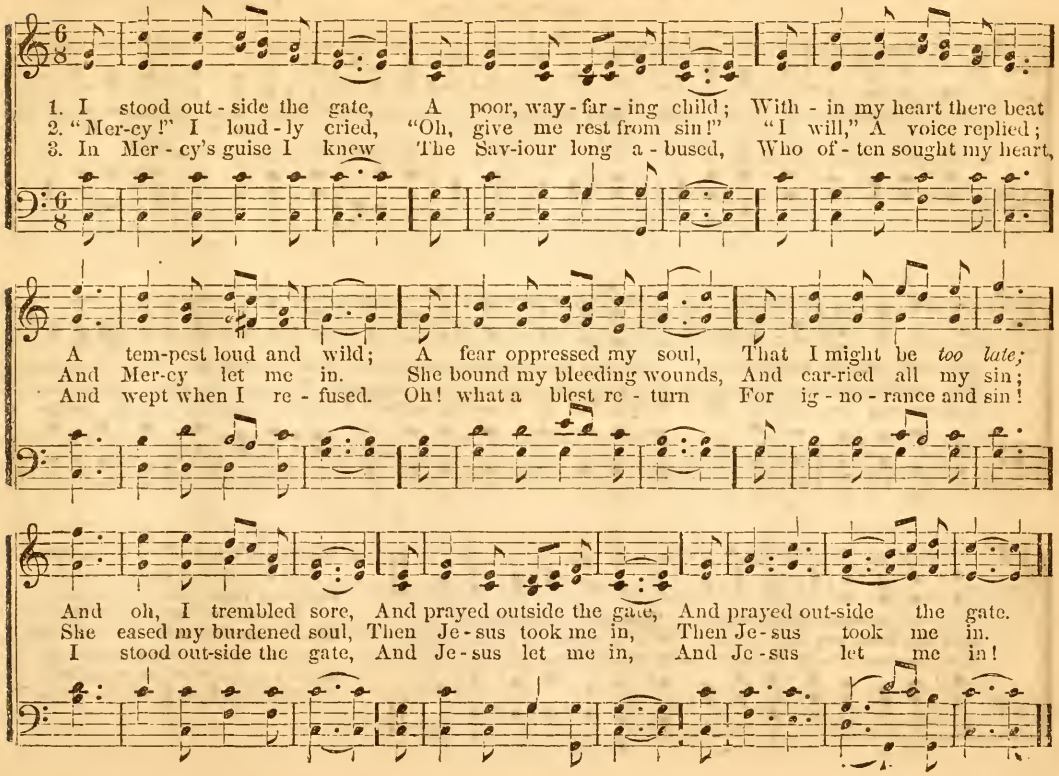


1 O Heavenly Guest, thy call I hear,
Thy pleadings move my soul within;
My heart is open now to Thee;
O Lamb of God, come in, come in.

2 Here let thy dwelling ever be,
And far remove my every sin;
Thrice welcome to my longing soul!
Thou Best of Friends, come in, come in.

3 Supreme o'er all my being rule,
That earth no more my love may win;
Abide with me till life depart;
O Blessed One, come in, come, in.

4 Help me to love thee more and more;
Now let the work of grace begin;
My strength, my hope, my Saviour dear,
Thou ALL IN ALL, come in, come in.


1. I stood out - side the gate, A poor, way - far - ing child; With - in my heart there beat
2. "Mer-cy!" I loud - ly cried, "Oh, give me rest from sin!" "I will," A voice replied;
3. In Mer - cy's guise I knew The Sav-iour long a - bused, Who of - ten sought my heart,
A tem-pest loud and wild; A fear oppressed my soul, That I might be too late;
And Mer-cy let me in. She bound my bleeding wounds, And car-ried all my sin;
And wept when I re - fused. Oh! what a blest re - turn For ig - no - rance and sin!
And oh, I trembled sore, And prayed outside the gate, And prayed out-side the gate.
She eased my burdened soul, Then Je - sus took me in, Then Je - sus took me in.
I stood out-side the gate, And Je - sus let me in, And Je - sus let me in!

108 Words by V. A.

HARK! THE VOICE OF JESUS.

MISSION SONG.

P. P. VAN ARSDALE.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus calling,—Who will go and work to-day? Fields are white, the harvest waiting,
2. If you cannot cross the ocean And the heathen lands explore, You can find the heathen nearer,
3. If you cannot speak like angels, If you cannot preach like Paul, You can tell the love of Jesus,

Who will bear the sheaves away? Loud and long the Master calleth, Rich reward he of - fers free;
You can help them at your door; If you cannot give your thousands, You can give the widows' mite,
You can say he died for all; If you fail to rouse the wicked, With the judgment's dread alarms,

Who will answer, gladly saying, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."
And the least you do for Jesus Will be precious in his sight.
You may lead the lit-tle children To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task he gives you.
Let his work your pleasure be
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

Words by JULIA A. MATHEWS.

PEACE ON EARTH.

REV. R. LOWRY.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

"Peace be unto you."—Luke 24 : 36.

1. "Peace up-on earth!" the angels sang, "Good-will un- to men!" the cho-rus rang, "Glo-ry to God!" the
2. "Peace up-on earth!" 'tis sounding still, "Glo-ry un - to God, to men good-will!" Bethlehem's song, 'tis
3. "Je - sus has come!" it echoes wide, Thro' val-ley and plain, on mountain side; But not a - lone the
4. Yes! let them sing, for Christ has laid His hand with a bless-ing on their head; Sweeter to Him than

REFRAIN.

Christ has come, His bright star shines in the clear blue dome. Joyous - ly sing, Joy-ous - ly sing,
caught from far, And lift - ed up to that glowing star.
an - gels sing, For ev - en children the anthem ring.
an-gels' tones Are songs that come from His little ones.

Joy-ous-ly, Joy-ous-ly,

Joy - ous - ly sing, Joy - ous - ly sing! Shout hal - le - lu - jah to Christ, our King!

Joy-ous-ly

EASTER ANTHEM.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

GIRLS. ALL. GIRLS.

1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day, He is risen in - deed; Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day,

ALL. FULL CHORUS.

He is risen in - deed; "He captive led captiv - i - ty, He robbed the grave of vic - to - ry," He

broke the bars of death, He broke the bars of death. Halle - lu - jah, halle - lu - jah, halle -

lu - jah, A - men. Halle - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

2 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
He is risen indeed;
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
He is risen indeed;

Let every mourning soul rejoice,
And sing with one united voice;
The Saviour rose to-day,
The Saviour rose to-day. Hallelujah, &c.

3 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
He is risen indeed;
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
He is risen indeed;

The great and glorious work is done,
Free grace to all through Christ, the Son;
Hosanna to His name,
Hosanna to His name. Hallelujah, &c.

4 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
He is risen indeed;
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
He is risen indeed;
Let all that fill the earth and sea,
Break forth in tuneful melody,
And swell the mighty song,
And swell the mighty song. Hallelujah. &c.

THE LAND TO WHICH WE GO.

Words by FANNY CROSBY. WM. F. SHERWIN. Written for this Work.

1. Life has many a pleasant hour, Many a bright and cloudless day; Singing bird and smiling flower, Scatter
2. Earth has many a cool retreat, Many a spot to memory dear; Oft we find our weary feet Ling'ring

sun-beams on our way; But the sweet-est blos-soms grow In the land to which we go.
by some foun-tain clear; Yet the pur - est wa - ters flow In the land to which we go.

3 Like a cloud that floats away,
Like the early morning dew,
Here the fairest things decay;
There, are pleasures ever new.
Only joy the heart will know
In the land to which we go.

4 'Tis the Christian's promised land;
There is everlasting day;
There a Saviour's loving hand
Wipes the mourner's tears away;
Oh! the rapture we shall know
In the land to which we go.

THE GOLDEN SHORE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Chain." by per.

Boys. *Girls.*

1. We are out on the o-cean sailing, Homeward bound we sweetly glide; We are out on the o-cean sail-ing,
2. Millions now are safe-ly land-ed, O-ver on the gol-den shore; Millions more are on their jour-ney,
3. Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes Gently waft our ves-sel on; All on board are sweetly sing-ing—
4. When we all are safe-ly an-chored, We will shout—our trials o'er, We will walk a-bout the ci-ty,

CHORUS. *Cres.*

To a home be-yond the tide. All the storms will soon be o-ver, Then we'll an-chor in the har-bor,
Yet there's room for millions more.
Free sal-va-tion is the song.
And we'll sing for ev-er-more.

f 1*st.* 2*nd.*

We are out on the o-cean sail-ing, To a home be-yond the tide,
We are out on the o-cean sail-ing, ... (*Omit.*) . . . . . To a home be-yond the tide.

From the "Golden Chain," by per.

"But now they desire a better country, that is an heavenly."—*Paul.*

CHORUS.

Boys. 1. Whither, pilgrims, are you go - ing, Go-ing each with staff in hand?
Girls. We are go - ing on a journey, Go-ing at our king's command;
Boys. 2. Fear ye not the way so lone - ly, You, a lit - tle, fee- ble band?
Girls. No, for friends unseen are near us, Ho - ly an - gels round us stand;

O - ver hills, and plains, and Christ our lead - er, walks be -

val - leys, We are go - ing to his pal - ace, We are go - ing to his pal - ace, Go - ing to the bet - ter land; We are go - ing to his pal - ace, Go - ing to the bet - ter land.
side us, He will guard, and He will guide us, He will guard, and He will guide us, Guide us to the bet - ter land; He will guard and he will guide us, Guide us to the bet - ter land.

Boys. 3 Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for
In that far-off, better land?
Girls. Spotless robes and crowns of glory
From a Saviour's loving hand;
All. We shall drink of life's clear river
We shall dwell with God forever,
We shall dwell with God forever
In that bright, that better land.

Boys. 4 Pilgrims, may we travel with you
To that bright and better land?
Girls. Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Welcome to our pilgrim band.
All. Come, O come! and do not leave us,
Christ is waiting to receive us,
Christ is waiting to receive us,
In that bright, that better land.

BALMY DEW.

Arr. by Rev. CHAS. BEECHER

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! What comfort this sweet
2. He lives to bless me with His love, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! He lives to plead for
3. He lives to si-lence all my fears, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! He lives to wipe a -

sentence gives, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! He lives, He lives who once was dead, O
me a - bove, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! He lives my hun - gry soul to feed, O
way my tears, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! He lives to calm my troubled heart, O

glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! He lives, my ev - er - liv-ing Head, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! He lives to help in time of need, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! He lives all bless-ings to im-part, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

ALMOST HOME.

T. F. SEWARD.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

1. Al-most anchor'd! Life's rough journey Shortly now will all be o'er; Unseen hands the sails are furling;
2. Al-most there! tho' storms may gather, And the clouds grow dark above, Brightly shining thro' the breakings
3. Brothers, look! I see the ha - ven Where I soon shall calmly rest; And no wave of care doth ripple

Soon I'll reach the heavenly shore. Almost home! how sweet it soundeth To the heart that's worn with care!
Beams my dy - ing Saviour's love. Every moment, as it passeth, On - ly leaves one less to come;
O'er its smooth and peaceful breast. To that port my ves - sel tendeth; On life's sea no more I'll roam;

CHORUS.

Almost home.....

For it knoweth pain and sorrow Nev - er more shall cross it there. Almost home, almost
Ev-ery wave that round me dasheth On - ly bears me near - er home.
Angels bright are all around me—Fare thee well! I'm almost home. Almost home,

Almost home,

home,..... How sweet the words to wea - ry hearts, we're al - most home!

Al - most home,

1. O ho - ly Sav - iour! Friend un - seen, Since on Thine arm Thou bidst me
2. What tho' the world de - ceit - ful prove, And earthly friends and hopes re -
3. If e'er I seem to tread a - lone Life's wea-ry waste, with thorns o'er -
4. If faith and hope are oft - en tried, I'll ask not, need not, aught be -

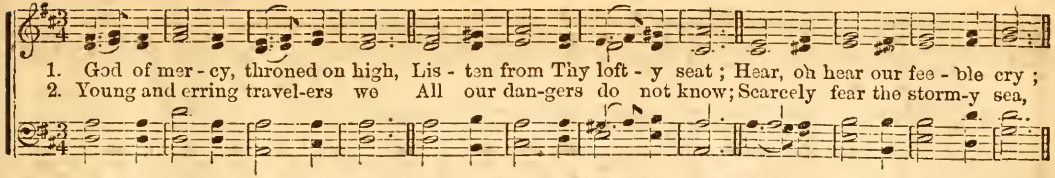
lean, Help me throughout life's chang-ing scene, By faith to cling to Thee!
move; With pa - tient, un - com - plain - ing love, Still would I cling to Thee!
grown, Thy voice of love in gen - tlest tone, Still whispers, "cling to Me!"
side; So safe, so calm, so sat - is - fied, The soul that clings to Thee!

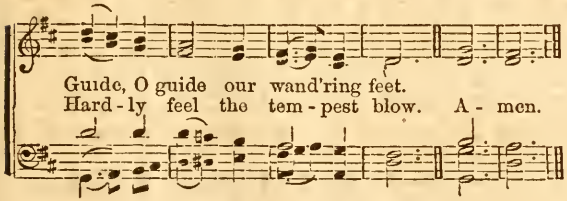
SECOND HYMN.

1 Praise ye the Father! for His loving kindness,
Tenderly cares He for His erring children,
Praise Him, ye angels, praise Him in the heavens,
Praise ye Jehovah!

2 Praise ye the Saviour! great is His compassion,
Graciously cares He for His chosen people;
Young men and maidens, ye old men and children,
Praise ye the Saviour!

3 Praise ye the Spirit! comforter of Israel,
Sent of the Father, and the Son to bless us;
Praise ye the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Praise ye the Triune God!





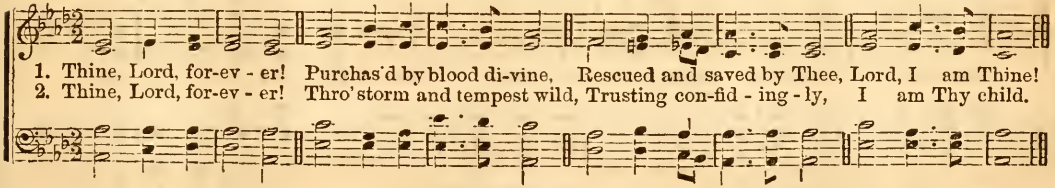
3 Jesus, Lover of the young,
Cleanse us with Thy Blood divine
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us Thine.

4 Saviour, give us faith, and pour
Hope and Love on every soul,-
Hope, till time shall be no more ;
Love, while endless ages roll. Amen.

Words by W. BENNETT.

THINE, LORD, FOREVER!

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.



3 Thine, Lord, forever!
Cheered by Thy precious word,
Thro' darkness, doubts, and fears,
Thine, thine, O Lord!

4 Thine, Lord, forever!
Tho' death shall lay me low,
E'en in that dreadful hour
Thine, Lord, I know!

5 Thine, Lord, forever!
When safe before Thy throne
I stand, forevermore
Thine, thine alone!

PRAISE THE LORD. (Anthem.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

1. Praise the Lord, oh! praise him, praise him, Praise the Lord who reigns above! Now with cheerful voices raise [Him

Songs of grat - i - tude and love. Praise Him all ye great cre - a - tion; Praise Him every clime and

CHORUS.

Praise ye the Lord, Praise Him, praise Him!

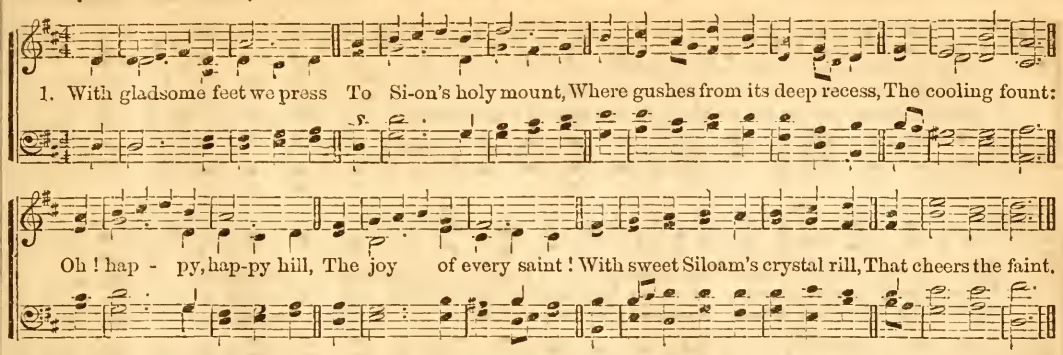
nation, Praise the Giver of Sal - va - tion, Praise the Lord for - ev - er more.

Praise Him, praise ye the Lord praise Him, praise Him!

2 Praise the Lord of life and glory,
Praise the Lord of truth and grace;
Tell to all His wond'rous story·
Bid them early seek his face.—*Cho.*

3 Praise the Lord with loud hosannas,
Praise Him with the mighty throng:
Write His name upon your banners,
Be His praise your battle song!

4 Praise the Giver of Salvation,
Praise him every clime and tongue;
Heav'n and earth, and all creation
Shout aloud in joyful song!—*Cho.*



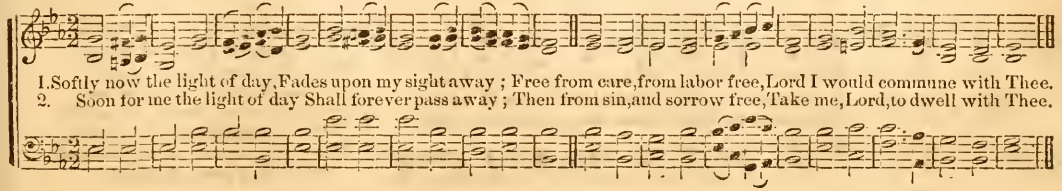
2 Great City, blest of God!
Jerusalem the free!
With ceaseless step the path be trod
That leads to Thee!
The martyr's bleeding feet,
The saints with woundless breast,
Alike have sought Thy golden seat
To win their rest.

3 There, calming all alarms,
Thy Cross of Love is traced,
Outstretching salutary arms,
To bless the waste;
The sinner there can plead
In ever listening Ears;
On hope and Thee, can sweetly feed,
And dry his tears.

4 So this our festal day
Celestial joy shall raise,
While lips and hearts, conjoined, essay
To hymn Thy praise!
The very stones shall ring,
Resound each holy wall, [Spring,
With Thee, Thyself the Rock, the
Our Heaven, our All!

HOLLY. 7s.

GEO. HEWS.



By permission.

LOVE AT HOME.

Words and Music by J. H. McNAUGHTON.

1. There is beau - ty all a - round. When there's love at home; There is joy in ev - ery sound,
2. In the cot - tage there is joy, When there's love at home; Hate and en - vy ne'er an - noy,
3. Kindly heav - en smiles a - bove, When there's love at home; All the earth is filled with love,

When there's love at home. Peace and plen - ty here a - bide, Smil - ing sweet on ev - ery side,
When there's love at home. Ros - es blos-som 'neath our feet, All the earth's a gar - den sweet,
When there's love at home. Sweet-er sings the brook-let by, Bright-er beams the a - zure sky;

Time doth soft - ly, sweet - ly glide, When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home;
Mak - ing life a bliss com - plete, When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home;
Oh, there's One who smiles on high When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home;

Time doth soft - ly, sweet - ly glide, When there's love at home.
Mak - ing life a bliss complete, When there's love at home.
Oh, there's One who smiles on high, When there's love at home.

4 Jesus make me wholly Thine,
Then there's love at home;
May Thy sacrifice be mine,
Then there's love at home.
Safely from all harm I'll rest
With no sinful care distressed,
Thro' thy tender mercy blessed,
With Thy love at home.

Words by R. P. Clark.

THE CHILDREN'S SAVIOUR.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Fresh Laurels," by per.

1. Je - sus is our loving Sa - viour, He, our best, our constant friend; In his service life is pleasure, For he loveth, to the end. Lov - ing Saviour, Loving Saviour, Here we at thy footstool bend, Here we at thy foot - stool bend.

Ritard.

2 Jesus is the children's Saviour!
'Twas for them he shed his blood;
Died, that poor and needy sinners
Might be reconciled to God.
Dying Saviour!
Bearing thus our sinful load.

3 Jesus is the children's Saviour!
"Suffer them," he says, "to come,"
If they seek his face and favor.
They shall share his Heavenly Home,
Risen Saviour!
Never more from thee to roam.

4 Loving, Suffering, Dying Saviour!
Risen, *Glorious* on thy throne,
Haste the day when every idol
Shall by truth be overthrown.
And the kingdoms
Of the earth, to Thee belong.

GUIDANCE. 8s & 6s.

Arr. from Flotow.

1st. 2d.

1. { Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim through this barren land, I am weak, but Thou art mighty, (*Omit.*)..... } Hold me with Thy powerful [hand.

2. { Feed me with the heavenly manna, In this barren wilder - ness; Be my sword, and shield, and banner, (*Omit.*)..... } Be the Lord my Righteousness.

O - pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the liv- ing wa - ters flow, Let the fie - ry,
When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears subside; Death of death, and

cloud y pil - lar, Lead me all my journey through, Lead me all my journey through.
hell's destruction, Land me safe on Canaan's side, Land me safe on Canaan's side.

From "N. Y. Mus. Gazette," by per.

1. The mansions of the blest, In glorious beau-ty stand, Where all shall sweetly rest, Who reach the heavenly land.
2. Sometimes rude storms arise O'er all our pilgrim way, The an-gry frowning skies Pre-sent no cheering ray.
3. Then let us bear the cross, Till we that home obtain, Count earthly treasures loss, So we may glo-ry gain.

And the joy-ful day is speed-ing, When the ransom'd hosts shall come, When, all earthly scenes re-ced-ing,
But we know the sun is beam-ing, Bright beyond the tempest's gloom, And the gold-en light is stream-ing,
Then, with joyous rap-ture sing-ing, We will lay our ar-mor down, And while heav'n with shouts is ring-ing,

CHORUS.

They shall hail the saints' sweet home.
Glad-ly round the saints' sweet home.
We will take the vic-tor's crown.
Yes, the hap-py, hap-py day speeds on, When the

speeds on,

ransom'd of the Lord shall come; When thro' all the bright e-ternal day, They shall dwell with Christ at home.

shall come;

WORDS BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

MY HOME IS THERE.

W.M. B. BRADBURY.
From "Fresh Laurels," by per.

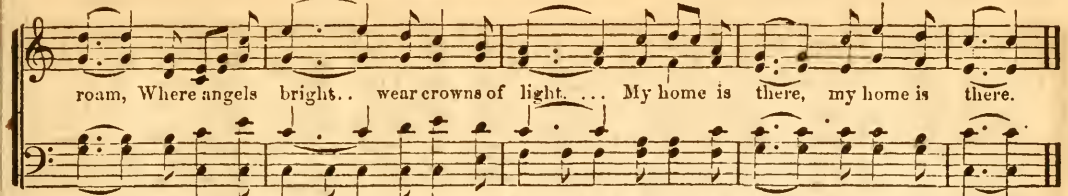
1. A - bove the waves of earth - ly strife, Above the ills.. and cares of life, Where all is
2. Where liv - ing foun - tains sweet - ly flow. Where buds and flowers im - mortal grow, Where trees their

CHORUS.

peace - ful, bright, and fair; My home is there, My home is there. My beau-ti - ful
fruits ee - les - tial bear; My home is there, My home is there. My beau-ti - ful

My

home,..... My beau - ti - ful home,.... In the land where the glo - ri - fied ev - er shall
beau- ti - ful home,.... My beau-ti-ful home, In the land where the glo - ri - fied ev er shall

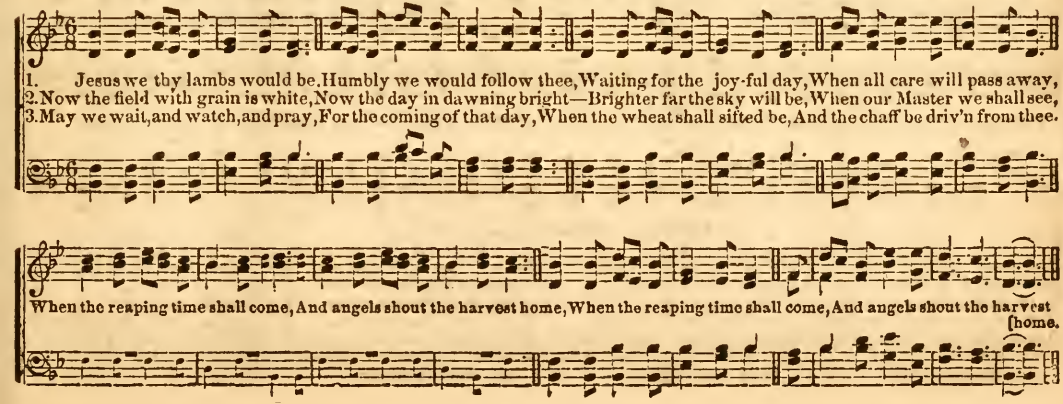


3 Away from sorrow, doubt and pain,
Away from worldly loss and gain,
From all temptation, tears and care;
My home is there, my home is there. *Cho.*

4 Beyond the bright and pearly gates,
Where Jesus, loving Saviour, waits,
Where all is peaceful, bright, and fair;
My home is there, my home is there. *Cho.*

JESUS, WE THY LAMBS WOULD BE.

C. A. MARVIN.



NEVER ALONE.

Words by R. W. RAYMOND. F. SILCHER.

1. Far out on the des - o - late bil - low, The sail - or sails the sea, A -
2. Far down in the earth's dark bo - som, The min - er mines the ore; Death
3. Lord, grant as we sail life's o - cean, Or delve in its mines of woe; Or

CHORUS.

lone with the night and the tempest, Where countless dan - gers be. Yet, nev - er a - lone is the
lurks in the dark be-hind him, And hides in the rock be-fore.
fight in its ter - ri-ble con - flict, This com-fort all to know, That nev - er a - lone, &c.

Christian, Who lives by faith and prayer; For God is a friend un-fail - ing, And God is every-where.

AMERICA. (National Hymn.) 103 Trio. REV. S. F. SMITH. 1831.

1.
My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2.
My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3.
Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4.
Our father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

WM. G. FISCHER.
By permission.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry; Of unseen things above, Of Je - sus and his glo-ry, Of Je - sus and his
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonder-ful it seems Than all the golden fancies Of all our golden
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to repeat What seems, each time I tell it, More wonder-ful-ly

love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be-cause I know it's true; It sa - tis-fies my longings, As
dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry; It did so much for me! And that is just the rea-son I
sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry; For some have nev-er heard The message of sal - va-tion From

CHORUS.

noth-ing else can do. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To
tell it now to thee.
God's own ho - ly word.

tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song,
'Twill be the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long!—*Cho.*

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

PUCITTA.

1. Lo! descending, the heavens rending, Messengers from God to Men: Angels winging, tidings bringing, Christ is born in
2. Dearest Saviour, grant thy fa-vor, While in these thy courts, we stay, Thy rich blessing on us resting, On this happy

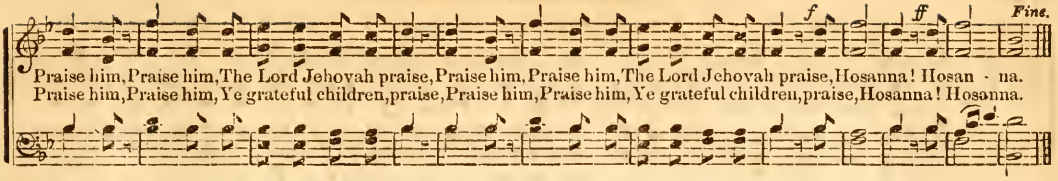
Beth-le-hem; Come with gladness, and banish sad-ness, Children, sweet-ly tune your voi-ces, Sing a-loud while
fes-tive day, Bells are ring-ing, and birds are singing, Woods and fields their tribute bring-ing, Back the hills the

p

heav-en re-joic-es; Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! "Peace on earth, good will to men." Lift a-loud a
ech-oes fling-ing: Let our voic-es swell the chor-us In a grate-ful song of praise; Joy-ful, come be-

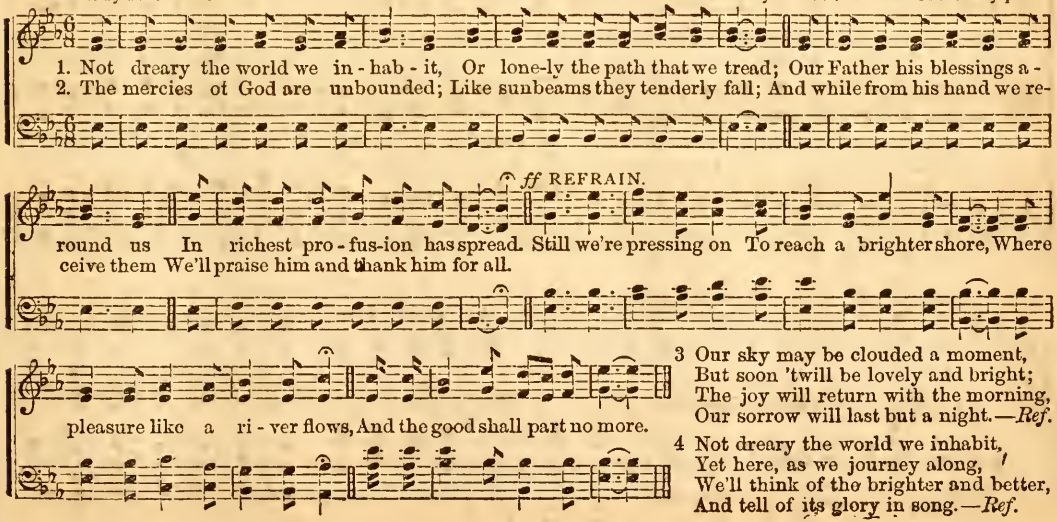
Cres.

loft-y strain, God is re-con-ciled to man, Glo-ry to our Sav-iour King, Heaven and earth with glory ring.
fore him now, Hum-bly in his pres-ence bow, Now to him our trib-ute bring, Lord of lords and King of kings.



STILL PRESSING ON.

Words by FANNY C. Music by WM. B. BRADBURY. By per.



3 Our sky may be clouded a moment,
But soon 'twill be lovely and bright;
The joy will return with the morning,
Our sorrow will last but a night.—*Ref.*

4 Not dreary the world we inhabit,
Yet here, as we journey along,
We'll think of the brighter and better,
And tell of its glory in song.—*Ref.*

"MARCHING ON!"

Words by Rev. R. LOWRY.

SUNDAY SCHOOL BATTLE SONG.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Censor," by per.

D. C. 1. Marching on! marching on! glad as birds on the wing, Come the bright ranks of soldiers from near and from far;
2. Press-ing on! press-ing on! to the din of the fray, With the firm tread of faith to the bat-tle we go;

End.

Hap-py hearts, full of song, 'neath our ban-ners we bring, We are soldiers of Zi-on prepared for the war.
'Mid the cheer-ing of an-gels, our ranks march away, With our flags pointing ev-er right on tow'rds the foe.

Marching on! marching on!

Marching on! marching on! marching on! Sound the bat-tle-cry! Sound the bat-tle-cry! Marching

Marching on!

on! marching on! D. C.

on! marching on! marching on! marching on! Shout the victo - ry, the vic - to - ry, the vic - to - ry!

3.

Fighting on! fighting on! in the midst of the strife,
At the call of our Captain, we draw ev'ry sword;
We are battling for God, we are struggling for life,
Let us strike ev'ry rebel that fights 'gainst the Lord.
Cho.—Marching on, &c.

4.

Singing on! singing on! from the battle we come,
Ev'ry flag bears a wreath, ev'ry soldier renown;
Heav'nly angels are waiting to welcome us home,
And the Saviour will give us a robe and a crown.
Cho.—Marching on, &c.

COME, COME TO JESUS!

Words by Rev. GEO. B. PECK. HUBERT P. MAIN. By per.

Tenderly.

1. Come, come to Je-sus! He waits to welcome thee, O wand'rer, ea - ger - ly; Come, come to Jesus!
2. Come, come to Je-sus! He waits to ransom thee, O slave! e-ter - nal - ly; Come, come to Jesus!
3. Come, come to Je-sus! He waits to lighten thee, O burdened! trustingly; Come, come to Jesus!

4 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to give to thee,
O blind! a vision free;
Come, come to Jesus!

5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee,
O weary! blessedly;
Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee,
O lamb! so lovingly,
Come, come to Jesus!

JEWETT. 6s.

From Weber.

1. My Je - sus as thou wilt! Oh! may thy will be mine; In - to thy
2. My Je - sus as thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each chang - ing

hand of love I would my all re - sign; Through sorrow, or through joy, Con - duct me
future scene I glad - ly trust with thee: Straight to my home above I tra - vel

as thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, thy will be done!
calm - ly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, thy will be done!

WE SHALL MEET.

From "Bright Jewels," by per.

ff *pp*

1. We shall meet beyond the riv - er, By - and - by, by - and - by; And the

ff *pp*

darkness will be o - ver, By - and - by, by - and - by; With the toilsome journey

ff *pp*

done, And the glorious bat - tle won, We shall shine forth as the sun, By-and - by, by-and-by.

2 Done with all of earth's delusion,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
War, and strife, and sin's confusion,
By-and-by, by-and-by.
We shall rest our pilgrim feet
On the shores where loved ones meet.
There to dwell in bliss complete,
By-and-by, by-and-by.

3 We shall see and be like Jesus,
By-and by, by-and-by;
He a crown of life will give us,
By-and-by, by-and-by.
And the angels who fulfil
All the mandates of his will,
Shall attend and love us still,
By-and-by, by-and-by.

4 When with robes of snowy whiteness,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
And with crowns of dazzling brightness,
By-and by, by-and-by—
There our storms and perils passed,
And with glory ours at last,
We'll possess the kingdom vast,
By-and-by, by-and-by.

COME, CHILDREN, JOIN AND SING.

From ROSSINI.

GIRLS

1. Come, children, join and sing, Loud praise to Christ our King; Let all with heart and voice, Be-
2. Come, lift your hearts on high, Let prais-es fill the sky, He is our guide and friend, His
3. Praise we the Lord a-gain, Life shall not end the strain: On heav-en's bliss-ful shore, His

SOLO. *Inst.* *Inst.* FULL CHORUS.

fore His throne rejoice. Praise Christ our King! Praise Christ our King! Come, children,
love shall nev-er end. Praise Christ our King! Praise Christ our King! Come, lift your, &c.
goodness we'll a-dore. Praise Christ our King! Praise Christ our King! Praise we the, &c.

join and sing, Loud praise to Christ our King! Let all with heart and voice, Before His throne rejoice.

THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Chain," by per.

With gentleness.

1. A beau-ti-ful land by faith I see, A land of rest from sorrow free, The home of the ransomed,
2. That beau-ti-ful land, the City of Light, It ne'er has known the shades of night; The glory of God, the
3. In vi-sion I see its streets of gold, Its beau-ti-ful gates I, too, behold The riv-er of life, the
4. The heav'nly throng array'd in white, In rapture range the plains of light; And in one har-mo-nious

CHORUS.

bright and fair, And beau-ti-ful an-gels too, are there. Will you go? Will you go?
light of day Hath driv-en the dark-ness far a-way. Will you go? etc.
crys-tal sea, The health-giving fruit of life's fair tree. Will you go? etc.
choir they praise Their glo-ri-ous Sav-iour's matchless grace. Will you go? etc.

Go to that beau-ti-ful land with me? Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beauti-ful land?

ZION'S HILL.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Chain." By permission.

1. What are these soul-reviving strains Which echo thus from Salem's plains? What anthems loud and louder
2. Lo! 'tis an in-fant chorus sings, Ho-sanna to the King of kings, The Saviour comes! and babes pro-
3. Messiah's name shall joy impart, Alike to Jew and Gentile heart; He bled for me, He bled for
4. Proclaim hosannas loud and clear; See David's Son and Lord appear! All praise on earth to Him be

CHORUS.—*Very spirited.*

still, So sweet-ly sound from Zi - on's hill? Ho-san - na, ho - san- na, ho - san - na to the
claim Sal - va-tion sent in Je - sus' name.
you. And we will sing ho - san - na too.
given, And glo - ry shout thro' highest heaven.

Lamb of God! Ho-sanna, ho - san-na, ho - sanna, in the highest, in the high - est, in the high - est.

A LAND WITHOUT A STORM.

DIALOGUE AND CHORUS.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Shower." By per.

Boys. *Girls.*

1. Traveler, whither art thou go-ing, Heedless of the clouds that form? Nought to me the winds rough-
2. Traveler, art thou here a stranger, Not to fear the tempest power? I have not a thought of
3. Traveler, now a mo-ment lin-ger, Soon the darkness will be o'er! No! I see a beck'ning
4. Traveler, yon-der nar-row por-tal O-pens to re-ceive thy form! Yes! but I shall be im-

CHORUS.

blow-ing, Mine's a land with-out a storm. And I'm go-ing, yes, I'm go-ing To the
dan-ger, Tho' the sky more dark-ly lower.
fin-ger, Guid-ing to a far off shore.
mor-tal In that Land without a storm.

land that has no storm, And I'm go-ing, yes, I'm go-ing To that land that has no storm.

Words written for this work, by F. J. C.

HE WILL GUIDE THEE.

HUBERT P. MAIN.
From "Pure Gold," by per.

1. Go to Je - sus with thy sor - row; There thy burdened soul re - lieve; Claim the prom-ise
2. Art thou tempted? Go to Je - sus; Hear His pre-cious words to thee, Full of hope, and
3. Hast thou wandered? Go to Je - sus; He is wait - ing at the door; On - ly ask, and

He has left thee, Ask in faith, thou shalt receive; Wherefore should thy heart be troubled?
joy, and com-fort, "As thy day, thy strength shall be;" Wherefore should thy heart be troubled,
He'll for - give thee; Go thy way, and sin no more; He has said, "My peace I give thee;"

He, thy God, is ev - er nigh, He will lead thee by His Spir - it, He will guide thee with His eye.
When so dear a friend is nigh? He will lead thee by His Spir - it, He will guide thee with His eye.
If thy trust on Him is stayed, Wherefore should thy heart be troubled? Wherefore should it be afraid?

THE COOLING SPRING.

WM. B. BRADBURY
From "Golden Censer," by per.

1. { (1st Semi-chorus.) O, a good-ly thing is the cooling spring, By the rock where the moss doth grow; There is
(2d Semi-chorus.) And as pure as heaven is the wa - ter given, And its stream is for - ev - er new; 'Tis dis-

2. { Let them say 'tis weak, but it's strength I'll seek, And rejoice while I own it's sway; For it's
O, I love to drink from the foaming brink, Of the bubbling, the cool-ing spring; For the

1st 2d

health in the tide, and there's music beside, In the brooklet's bounding flow. } *f* Mer-ry, mer - ry,
tilled in the sky, and it drops from on high, In the showers and gentle { dew. *pp* Ripple, rip - ple,
mur - mur to me is the e - cho of glee, And it laughs as it bounds away.
bright drops that shine more refreshing than wine, And the praise of its giver sing.

lit - tle spring, Sparkle on, Sparkle on, Mer-ry Mer - ry, lit - tle spring, Sparkle on for me.
sil - v'ry brook, Ripple on, Rip-ple on, Rip - ple, rip - ple, sil - v'ry brook, Ripple on for me.

Rev. J. N. FOLWELL.

CHILD'S PRAYER.

Rev. R. LOWRY.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

1. Father a - bove, Thou God of love, To thee I give Thanks that I live; All thro' the night,
2. On this new day, To thee I pray; Be thou my guide, Walk by my side; Make me with- in
3. My eyes di - rect, My ears protect, From words and scenes Thy Book condemns; My tongue restrain
4. And at sun - set, Let no re - gret Of misspent time, O, Lord, be mine; Still let me share

CHORUS,

Till broad day-light, Thou hast me kept While I have slept. (For this I plead, / And all I need,) Thro' Christ, my Lord, The Son of [God.
All free from sin, And fix my place Within thy grace.
From things profane; My hands and feet Both guide and keep.
Thy tender care, And at life's end To thee as - cend.

EARLY SEEKING.

Rev. ALBERT WALDRON.
From "Fresh Laurels," by per.

1. Sav-iour, thou art ev - er near, Thou my hum - ble pray'r wilt hear; And I plead Thy
2. Lord, I want to be Thy child, Make me gen - tle, meek and mild; I would pure and

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might-y! God in Three Persons, blessèd Trin - i - ty!
Che - ru-bim and Ser-aphim falling down before Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be. A - men.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art Holy, there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity! Amen.

EARLY SEEKING. Concluded.

pro - mise kind, "Ear - ly seek, and ye shall find."
ho - ly be, Teach me how to come to Thee.

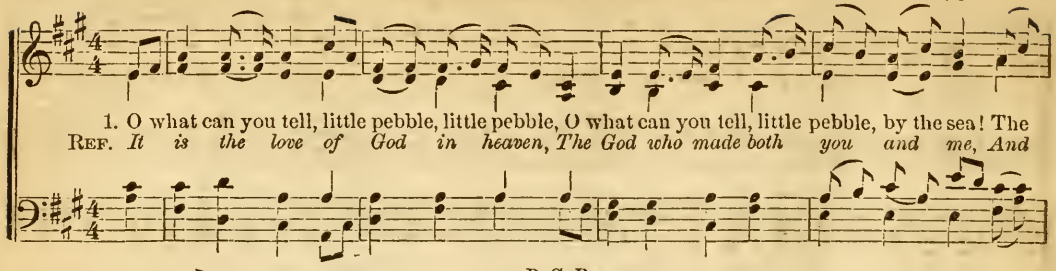
3 When I go to work or play,
Be Thou with me day by day;
When I seek my quiet bed,
Let Thy wings be o'er me spread.

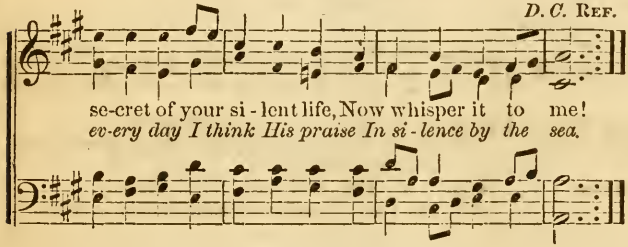
4 Saviour, hold me lest I fall,
Deign to hear me whilst I call;
O, regard my humble cry!
Save me, Jesus, or I die.

 Words by R. W. RAYMOND.

THE CHORUS OF PRAISE.

From "Clariona," by per.





3 O what can you tell, little bird, little bird,
O what can you tell, little bird upon the tree!
The secret of your joyous song,
Now whisper it to me!
REF.—It is the love of God in heaven,
The God who made both you and me,
And every day I sing His praise
Upon the summer tree.

2 O what can you tell, little flower, little flower,
O what can you tell, little flower on the lea!
The secret of your sweet perfume,
Now whisper it to me.
REF.—It is the love of God in heaven,
The God who made both you and me,
And every day I breathe His praise
In fragrance on the lea.

4 O what can you tell, little child, little child,
O what can you tell, little child upon my knee!
The secret of your happy smile,
Now whisper it to me!
REF.—It is the love of God in heaven,
The God who made both you and me,
And every day I seek His face
Upon my bended knee!

FULL CHO.—Thus to the love of God in heaven,
The God who made both you and me,
The praise of all things here is given,
And evermore shall be!

From "Golden Shower," by per.

1. O! what shall I do to be saved From the sorrows that burden my soul? Like the waves in the storm When the winds are at war, Chilling floods of dis-tress o'er me roll. What shall I do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
2. O! what shall I do to be saved When the pleasures of youth are all fled? And the friends I have loved, From the earth are re-moved, And I weep o'er the graves of the dead. What shall I do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
3. O! what shall I do to be saved When sickness my strength shall subdue? Or the world in a day, Like a cloud roll a - way, And e - ter - ni - ty o - pens to view? What shall I do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?

4.

O! Lord, look in mercy on me,
Come, O come and speak peace to my soul:
Unto whom shall I flee,
Dearest Lord, but to Thee,
Thou canst make my poor broken heart whole.
That will I do! that will I do!
To Jesus I'll go and be saved.

Words by Miss THALHEIMER.

MY SHEPHERD.

CRAMER.

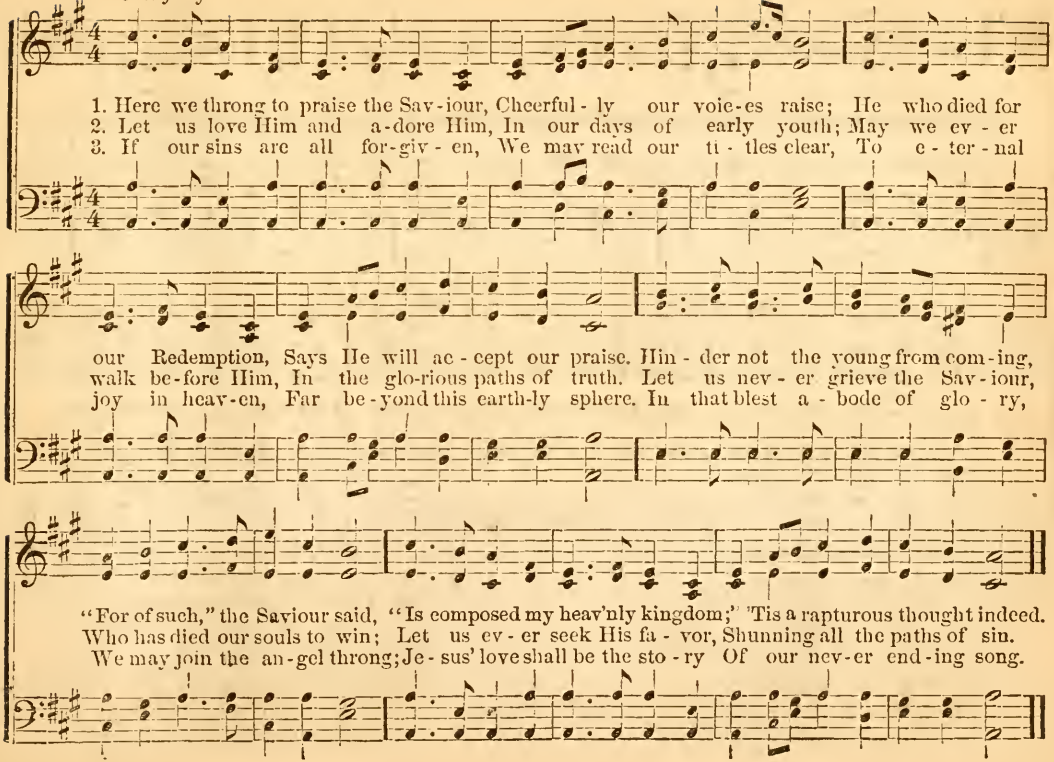
1. Thou art my shepherd, Car-ing in ev-ery need, Thy lit-tle lamb to feed, Trusting Thee still;
2. Or if my way lie Where death o'erhanging nigh, My soul would ter-ri-fy With sudden chill,—

In the green pastures low, Where living wa-ters flow, Safe by Thy side I go, Fear-ing no ill.
Yet I am not a-fraid; While softly on my head Thy ten-der hand is laid, I fear no ill!

SECOND HYMN.

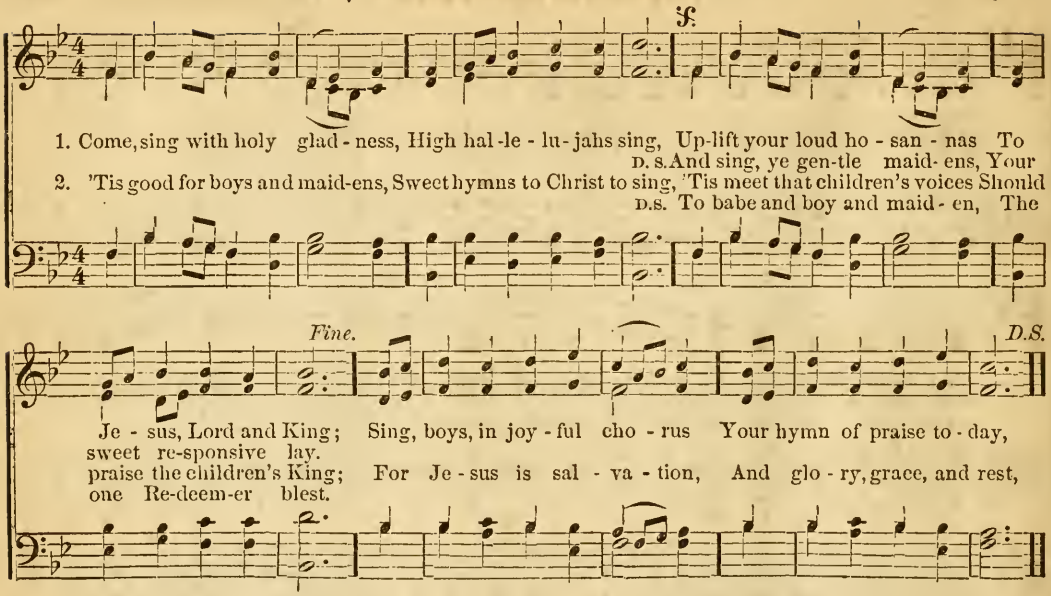
1 Lord, do not leave me!
I'm but a little child,
Weak, poor, and sin defiled,
Afraid, alone;
But Thou art strong and wise,
No ill can Thee surprise;
Beneath Thy loving eyes
Danger is none.

2 If Thou wilt guide me,
Gladly I'll go with Thee;—
No harm can come to me,
Holding Thy hand;
And soon my weary feet,
Safe in the golden street,
Where all who love Thee meet,
Redeem'd shall stand.


Cheerfully.
1. Here we throng to praise the Sav-iour, Cheerful-ly our voice-es raise; He who died for
2. Let us love Him and a-dore Him, In our days of early youth; May we ev-er
3. If our sins are all for-giv-en, We may read our ti-tles clear, To e-ter-nal
our Redemption, Says He will ac-cept our praise. Hin-der not the young from com-ing,
walk be-fore Him, In the glo-rious paths of truth. Let us nev-er grieve the Sav-iour,
joy in heav-en, Far be-yond this earth-ly sphere. In that blest a-bode of glo-ry,
"For of such," the Saviour said, "Is composed my heav'nly kingdom;" 'Tis a rapturous thought indeed.
Who has died our souls to win; Let us ev-er seek His fa-vor, Shunning all the paths of sin.
We may join the an-gel throng; Je-sus' love shall be the sto-ry Of our nev-er end-ing song.

COME, SING WITH HOLY GLADNESS.

Ancient Melody.



3 O boys, be strong in Jesus,
To toil for Him is gain,
And Jesus wrought with Joseph
With chisel, saw, and plane.
O maidens, live for Jesus,
Who was a maiden's son;
Be patient, pure and gentle,
Perfect the grace begun.

4 Soon in the golden city
The boys and girls shall stand,
And through the dazzling mansions
Rejoice a ransomed band.
O Christ, prepare Thy children
With that triumphant throng
To pass the burnished portals,
And sing th' eternal song.

THE WELCOME HOME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Shower." by per.

1. How sweet will be the welcome home, When this short life is o'er, When pain and sor - row,
When we that bright and heav'nly land With spir - it eyes shall see, And join the ho - ly
2. Lord, grant my frail and wayward bark May an-chor sure and fast, Be - side the shin - ing
When once with - in, my soul shall know No hun-ger, thirst or pain, No sick - ness, sor - row,
3. Oh may I live while here be low, In view of that blest day, When God's bright an- gels
When I shall walk the gol-den streets, In garments white and pure; And sing an end - less

FULL CHORUS.

care and grief Shall dwell with us no more. } The welcome home, the welcome home, The Christian's welcome
angel band, In praise, dear Lord, of thee. }
gates of pearl, Where I may rest at last! } The welcome home, &c.
care or death Shall vis - it me a - gain! }
shall come down, To bear my soul away! } The welcome home, &c.
song to him, Who made my soul secure! }

home. The wel - come home, the wel - come home, The Christian's wel - come home.

Wel-come home.

In the last stanza the chorus may be repeated pp.

HE LEADETH ME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Censer," by per.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters."

1. He lead - eth me! O, bless-ed thought, O, words with heavenly comfort fraught, Whate'er I do, where-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers bloom, By wa-ters still, o'er
3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine—Content, what-ev-er
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by thy grace, the victory's won, E'en death's cold wave I

REFRAIN.

f

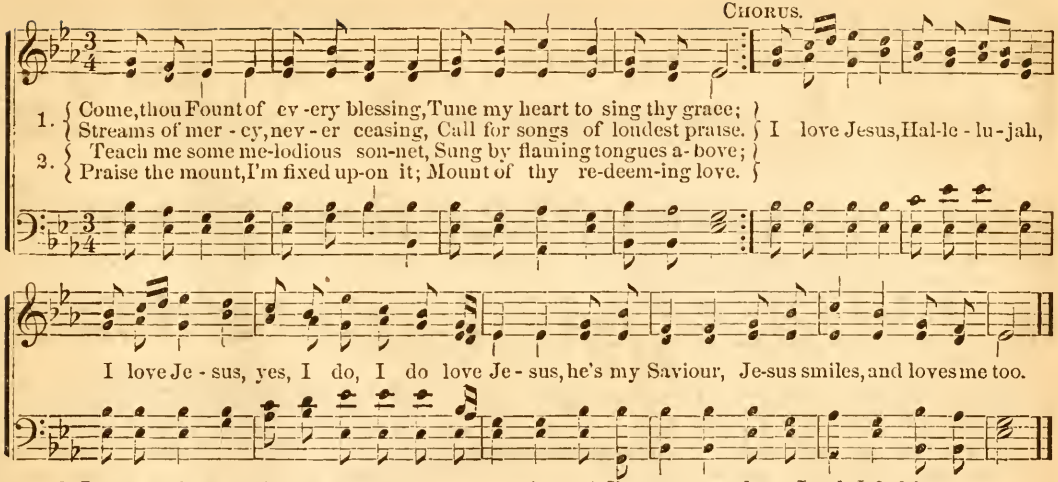
e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me. He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! By
troubled sea— Still 'tis his hand that lead - eth me.
lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me.
will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead - eth me.

f

his own hand he lead-eth me; His faithful follower I would be, For by his hand he leadeth me.

COME THOU FOUNT.

Arranged by WM. B. BRADBURY.



3 Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.—*Cho.*

4 Prone to wander,—Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart—O, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.—*Cho.*

SECOND HYMN.

1 "Mercy, O Thou Son of David!
Thus the blind Bartimeus prayed,
"Others by the word are saved;
Now to me afford thine aid."

2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he called the louder still;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him
Come, and ask me what you will.

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he asked, and Jesus granted,
Alms which none but He could give.

4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day!"
Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

5 Oh! methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around:
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!

6 "O that all the blind but knew Him,
And would be advised by me!
Surely they would hasten to Him,
He would cause them all to see."

Rev. JOHN G. CHAFEE.

THE PENITENT.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

1. Can my soul find rest from sor - row, Can my sins for - giv - en be, Must I wait un - til to - Will he lift this vale of

morrow Ere my Sa - vior speaks to me? Will he speak in words of kindness? Will he wash away my sin? blindness, And remove this deadly pain?

FINE. D. S.

2 O, the darkness, how it thickens,
Like the brooding of despair!
And my soul within me sickens—
God, in mercy, hear my prayer!
Give me but a hope to cherish,
Give me just one ray of light—
Help me, save me, or I perish,
Take away this awful night!

3 Now he hears me, he will save me,
I behold his shining face,
Hear him whisper he will have me—
O, the miracle of grace!
I will joy to tell the story
How he cometh from above—
Fills my soul, O, glory, glory!
With the blessings of his love.

COMING TO JESUS.

E. W. KELLOGG.
From "Happy Voices," by permission.

1. Sav-iour, lis - ten to our prayer, Poor and sin - ful tho' we are; Guilt con-fessing, Give thy blessing,

CHORUS.

Grant Thy loving care. O God our Father, Christ, our King, Now to thee our hearts we bring, Keep them ever,

Blessed Saviour, Till in heav'n Thy love we sing.

2 Strength is Thine ; we often stray
From the pure and holy way ;
Wilt Thou guide us, Walk beside us,
Nearer every day !—*Cho.*

3 Then may we, when life is o'er,
Stand with Thee on yonder shore ;
Freed from sinning, Heaven winning,
Praising evermore !—*Cho.*

MILWAUKEE.

Rather slow and gentle. JOHN ZUNDEL. By per.

1. Sav - iour, who thy flock art feed - ing With the shepherd's kind-est care, All the fee - ble,
2. Now, these lit - tle ones re - ceiv - ing, Fold them in thy gracious arm; There, we know, thy

f

gent-ly lead - ing, While the lambs thy bo - som share.
word be - liev - ing, On - ly there, se - cure from harm.

f

3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them thro' life's dangerous way.

4 Then within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Chain," by per.

1. { Saviour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tend'rest care; }
{ In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy folds pre-pare. } Blessed Je-sus, Blessed

Jesus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are. Blessed Je-sus, Blessed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way:
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

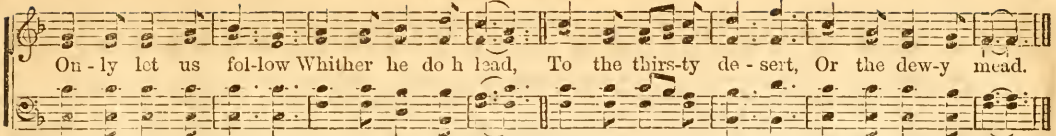
4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

OUR SHEPHERD.

SYLVESTER MAIN.
By per.

Earnestly.

1. Je - sus is our Shepherd, Wiping eve-ry tear; Folded in his bosom, What have we to fear?



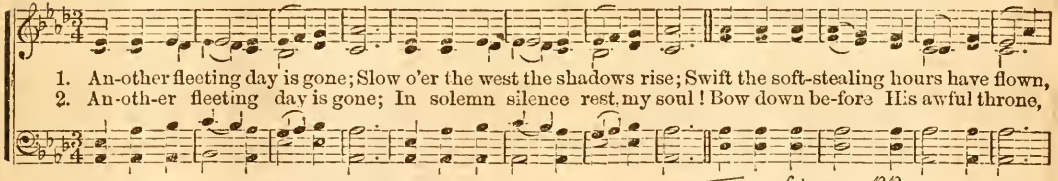
2 Jesus is our Shepherd;
Well we know his voice,
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice!
Even when he chideth,
Tender is his tone,
None but he shall guide us,
We are his alone.

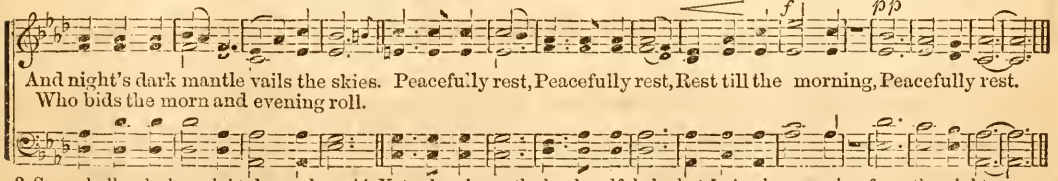
3 Jesus is our Shepherd,
For the sheep he bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood he shed.
Then on each he setteth
His own secret sign:
"They that have my Spirit,
These," saith he, "are mine."

4 Jesus is our Shepherd,
Guided by his arm,
Though the wolves may rave,
None can do us harm.
When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb.

PEACEFULLY REST.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Chain," by per.





3 Soon shall a darker night descend,
And vail from me yon azure skies;
And soon shall death's oppressive hand
Lie heavy on these languid eyes.

4 Yet when beneath the dreadful shade,
I lay my weary frame to rest,
That night shall not make me afraid;
That bed the dying Saviour pressed.

5 Again emerging from the night,
I, like my risen Lord shall rise;
Again drink in the morning light,
Pure at its fount above the skies.

SWEET HOME.

SIR HENRY R. BISHOP.

1. 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and creature complaints, How sweet to my soul is commun - ion with saints;
2. Sweet bonds that u - nite all the children of peace! And thrice precious Je - sus, whose love cannot cease!

To find at the ban - quet of mer - cy there's room, And feel in the pres-ence of Je - sus at
Tho' oft from Thy pres - ence in sad - ness I roam, I long to be - hold Thee in glo - ry at

home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Pre - pare me, dear Sav - iour, for glo - ry, my home.
home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, I long to be - hold Thee in glo - ry, at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with Thee,
Though now my temptation like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with Thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my affliction to Thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er Thou deniest, O give me Thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness,—the smiles of Thy face;
Endue me with patience to wait at Thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in Thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise Thee at home.

"LET THE WORDS OF MY MOUTH."

BAUMBACH.
Arr.

Rather Slow.
First time, Duet. Second time, Chorus.

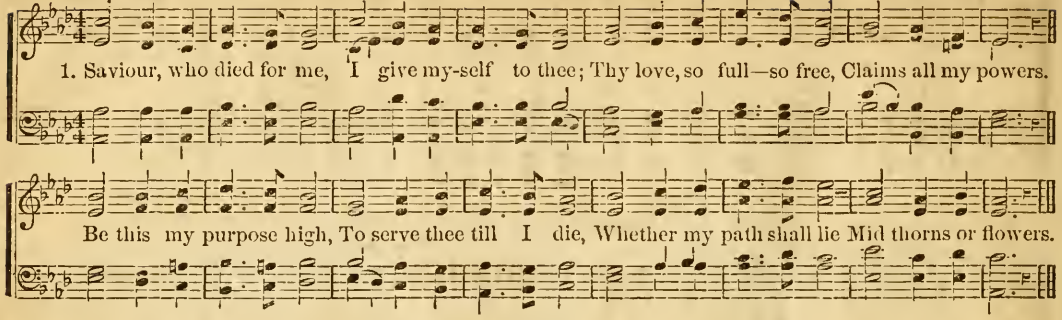
Let the words of my mouth, and the medi - ta-tion of my heart, be ac - cept - a - ble in thy

sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer, O Lord, my strength, O Lord, my strength, and my Re-

deem - er, O Lord, ... my strength, O Lord, my strength, and my Re - deem - er.

156 Words by Miss M. J. MASON. **SAVIOUR WHO DIED FOR ME.** WM. F. SHERWIN.

Lovingly. By per.

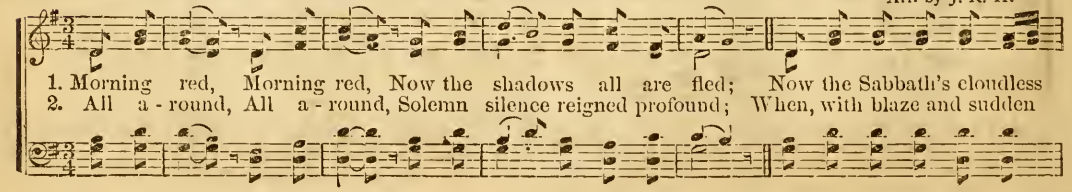


2 But, Lord, the flesh is weak;
Thy gracious aid I seek,
For thou the word must speak,
That makes me strong.
Then let me hear thy voice,
Thou art my only choice;
O, bid my heart rejoice,
Be thou my song.

3 May it be joy to me
To follow only thee;—
Thy faithful servant be
Thine to the end.
For thee, I'll do and dare;
For thee, the cross I'll bear,
To thee direct my prayer,
On thee depend.

4 Saviour, with me abide;
Be ever near my side,
Support, defend and guide,
I look to thee.
I lay my hand in thine,
And fleeting joys resign,
If I may call thee mine
Eternally.

Words by R. W. RAYMOND. **MORNING RED.** GERMAN. Arr. by J. R. H.



glo - ry, Tells a - new the wondrous sto - ry, Christ is ris - en from the dead.
thunder, An - gels burst the tomb a - sun - der, And the Sav - iour was un - bound.

3 Forth he came! Forth he came!
Robed in white, celestial flame!
Mary, at his empty prison,
Knew not her Redeemer, risen,
Till he called her by her name.

4 Morning red! Morning red!
Christ is risen from the dead!
Still he walketh in the garden,
Speaking words of love and pardon,
Though the crown is on his head.

5 Morning red! Morning red!
Thou dost light his crowned head
Brightest jewel of his glory,
Ever shines that wondrous story,
Christ is risen from the dead.

I'M A PILGRIM.

GERMAN.

FINE.

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stranger: I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night.
D.C. *I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stranger: I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night.*

D. C.

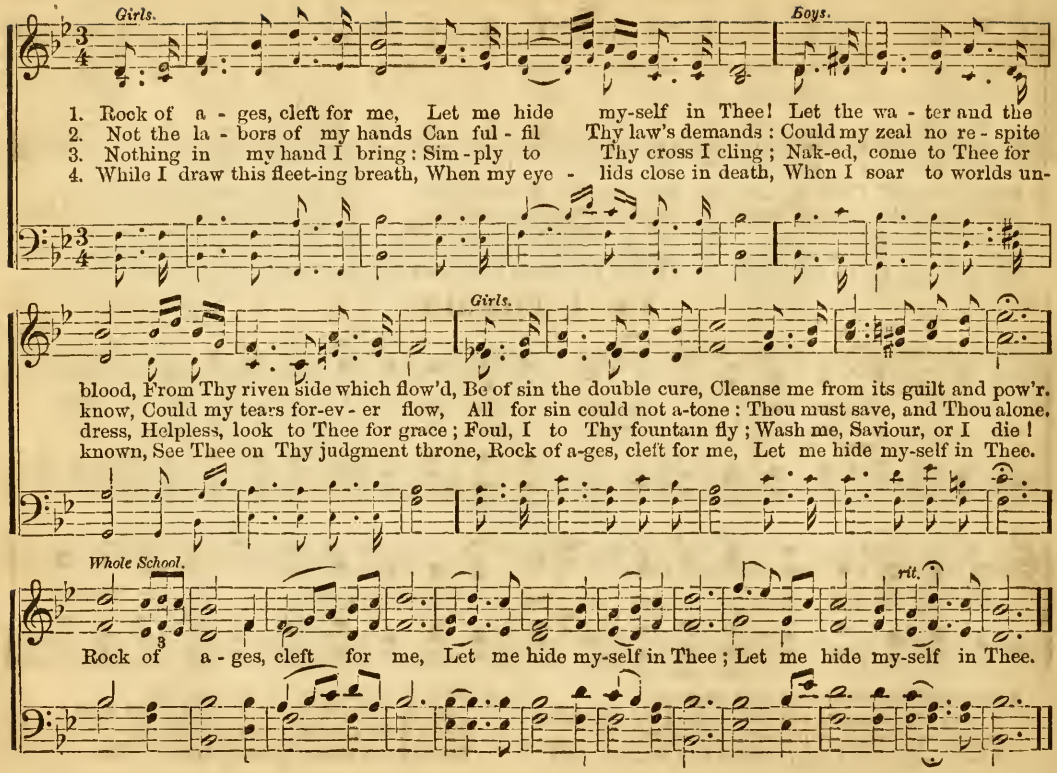
Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing To where the streamlets are ev - er flow-ing.

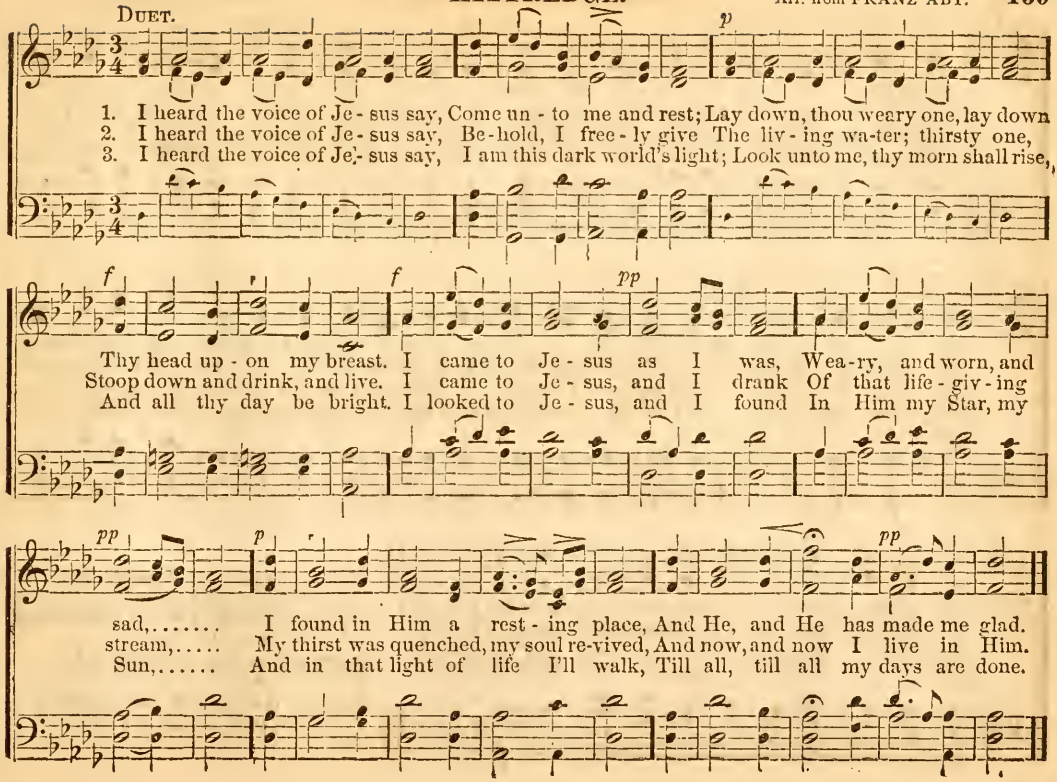
2 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
And I'm longing, and I'm longing for the sight;
Within a country, unknown and dreary,
I have been wand'ring, forlorn and weary:—*Cho.*

3 Of that country to which I'm going,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light:
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any sin there, nor any dying:—*Cho.*

ROCK OF AGES.

FRANZ ABT.




DUET.
p
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Come un - to me and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Be - hold, I free - ly give The liv - ing wa - ter; thirsty one,
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, I am this dark world's light; Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
f
f
pp
Thy head up - on my breast. I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and
Stoop down and drink, and live. I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing
And all thy day be bright. I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my
pp
p
pp
sad,..... I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He, and He has made me glad.
stream,..... My thirst was quenched, my soul re-vived, And now, and now I live in Him.
Sun,..... And in that light of life I'll walk, Till all, till all my days are done.

OH, HOW HE LOVES!

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers, Oh, how He loves! His is love be-yond a brother's,
2. 'Tis e - ter - nal life to know Him, Oh, how He loves! Think, oh, think how much we owe Him,
3. Bless - ed Jesus! would you know Him, Oh, how He loves! Give yourselves en-tire - ly to Him,
4. All your sins shall be for-giv - en. Oh, how He loves! Backward shall your foes be driv - en,

Oh, how He loves! Earth-ly friends may fail or leave us, One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
Oh, how He loves! With His precious blood He bought us, In the wil - der-ness He sought us,
Oh, how He loves! Think no more, then, of to-morrow, Take His ea - sy yoke and fol - low,
Oh, how He loves! Best of bless - ings He'll provide you, Nought but good shall e'er betide you,

But this Friend will ne'er deceive us, Oh, how He loves!
To His fold He safe-ly brought us, Oh, how He loves!
Je - sus car - ries all your sor - row, Oh, how He loves!
Safe to glo - ry He will guide you, Oh, how He loves!

5.

Then in heaven we'll adore Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Cast our glittering crowns before Him;
Oh, how He loves!
When the victory is completed,
And around His throne we're seated,
Then we'll sing, and still repeat it,
Oh, how He loves!

1. In heav'nly love a - bid-ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such confiding, For noth-ing changes
2. Wherev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back, My Shepherd is beside me, And noth-ing can I
3. Green pastures are before me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where darkest clouds have

here: The storm may roar without me, My heart may low be laid, But God is round a - bout me,
lack: His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim; He knows the way He tak - eth,
been: My hope I can-not meas-ure, My path to life is free; My Sav-iour has my treas - ure,

And can I be dis - mayed?
And I will walk with Him.
And He will walk with me.

SECOND HYMN.

1.

To Thee, our God and Saviour,
Our hearts exulting spring,
Rejoicing in Thy favor,
Thou everlasting King:
We'll celebrate Thy glory,
With all the saints above;
And tell the wondrous story
Of Thy redeeming love.

2.

By Thee through life supported,
We pass the dang'rous road,
By heavenly hosts escorted,
Up to their bright abode;
There cast our crowns before Thee,
Our toils and conflicts o'er,
And day and night adore Thee,
Forever, evermore.

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

W. F. SHERWIN. By per.

1. Oh do not let the word de - part, And close thine eyes a-gainst the light; Poor sinner hard - en
2. To-morrow's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy long - de - lud - ed sight; This is the time, Oh

not thine heart; Thou would'st be saved—why not to-night.
then be wise; Thou would'st be saved—why not to-night.

3 Our God in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus his love requite;
Renounce at once thy stubborn will,
Thou would'st be saved—why not to-night.

4 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to him their souls unite:
Believe on him—the work is done;
Thou would'st be saved—why not to-night.

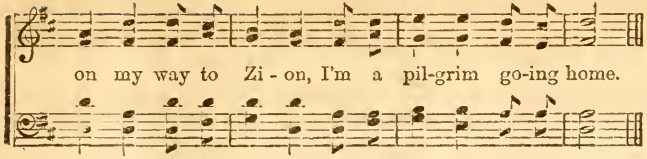
I'M A PILGRIM GOING HOME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Praises of Jesus," by per.

1. Christians, I am on my journey! Ere I reach the narrow sea, I would tell the wondrous story, What the
2. I was lost, but Jesus found me, Taught my heart to seek his face; From a wild and lonely desert, Brought me

CHORUS.

Lord has done for me. Glo-ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, Tho' a stranger here I roam, I am
to His fold of grace.

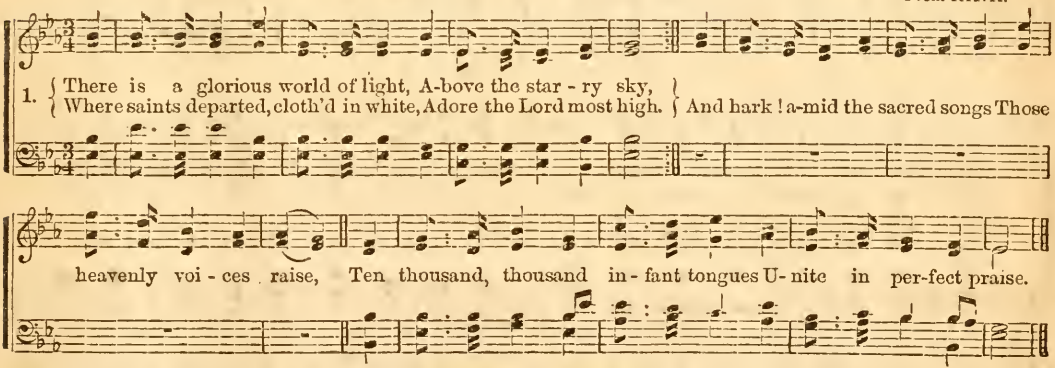


3 Now my soul with rapture glowing,
Sings aloud His pard'ning love ;
Looks beyond a world of sorrow,
To the pilgrim's home above.—*Cho.*

4 I shall yet behold my Saviour,
When the day of life is o'er,
I shall cast my crown before Him,
I shall praise Him evermore.—*Cho.*

VARINA. C. M. Double.

From RINK.



2 Those are the hymns that we shall know
If Jesus we obey :
That is the place where we shall go
If found in wisdom's way ;
This is the joy we ought to seek
And make our chief concern ;
For this we come, from week to week,
To read and hear and learn.

3 Soon will our earthly race be run,
Our mortal frame decay ,
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must pass from earth away.
Great God, impress this serious thought
This day on every breast,
That both the teachers and the taught,
May enter to thy rest.

FREE GRACE.

Arr. by J. J. MATTHIAS.

1. The voice of free grace cries,—Es - cape to the moun-tain; For A-dam's lost
For sin and un-clean-ness, And eve - ry trans - gression, His blood flows most

2. Now glo - ry to God in the high - est is giv - en; Now glo - ry to
A - round the whole earth let us tell the glad sto - ry, And sing of His

CHORUS.

race Christ hath o - pened a foun - tain; Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, who has
free - ly in streams of sal - va - tion.
God is re - ech - oed in hea - ven; Hal - le - lu - jah, &c.
love, His sal - va - tion and glo - ry.

purchased our par - don, We will praise Him a - gain, When we pass o - ver Jor - dan.

3 O Jesus, ride on,—
Thy kingdom is glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell,
Thou wilt make us victorious:
Thy name shall be praised
In the great congregation,
And saints shall ascribe
Unto thee their salvation.

4 When on Zion we stand,
Having gain'd the blest shore.
With our harps in our hands,
We will praise ever more:
We'll range the blest fields
On the banks of the river,
And sing of redemption
For ever and ever.

DEAR JESUS, HEAR ME. (Child's Prayer.)

Words by F. J. C. — WM. B. BRADBURY. From "Bright Jewels," by per.

1. Saviour, bless a little child; Teach my heart the way to Thee; Make it gentle, good and mild: Loving Saviour, care for me.
2. I am young, but Thou hast said–All who will may come to Thee; Feed my soul with living Bread; Loving Saviour, care for me.

CHORUS.

Dear Je - sus, hear me, Hear thy lit - tle child to - day; Hear, O hear me; Hear me when I pray.

3 Jesus, help me, I am weak;
Let me put my trust in Thee;
Teach me how, and what to speak;
Loving Saviour, care for me.—*Cho.*

4 I would never go astray,
Never turn aside from Thee;
Keep me in the heavenly way;
Loving Saviour, care for me.—*Cho.*

166 From "Fresh Laurels," By per.

JESUS, DEAR, I COME TO THEE.

Words and Music by FANNY CROSBY.

1. { Jesus, dear, I come to thee, Thou hast said I may; Tell me what my life should be, Take my sins away.
Jesus, dear, I learn of thee, In thy word divine; Every promise there I see, May I call it mine.

2. { Jesus, dear, I long for thee, Long thy peace to know; Grant those purer joys to me, Earth can ne'er bestow.
Jesus, dear, I cling to thee; When my heart is sad, Thou wilt kindly speak to me, Thou wilt make me glad.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, hear my hum-ble song, I am weak, but thou art strong; Gently lead my soul a - long,

Help me come to thee, Oh! help me come to thee.

3 Jesus, dear, I trust in thee,
Trust thy tender love;
There's a happy home for me,
With thy saints above.
Jesus, I would come to thee,
Thou hast said I may;
Tell me what my life should be,
Take my sins away.—*Cho.*

1. See! a-mid the winter's snow, Born for us on earth be-low; See! the tender Lamb appears,
2. Lo! within a man-ger lies He who built the starry skies: He who, thron'd in height sublime,
3. "Say, ye ho - ly shepherds, say, What your joyful news to-day? Wherefore have ye left your sheep
4. "As we watch'd at dead of night, Lo! we saw a wondrous light; Angels singing, 'Peace on earth,'

CHORUS. *f*

Promis'd from e - ter - nal years!
Sits a - mid the cher - u - bim.
On the lonely mountain steep?"
Told us of the Saviour's birth."

Hail! thou ever - bless - ed morn! Hail! Redemption's happy dawn!

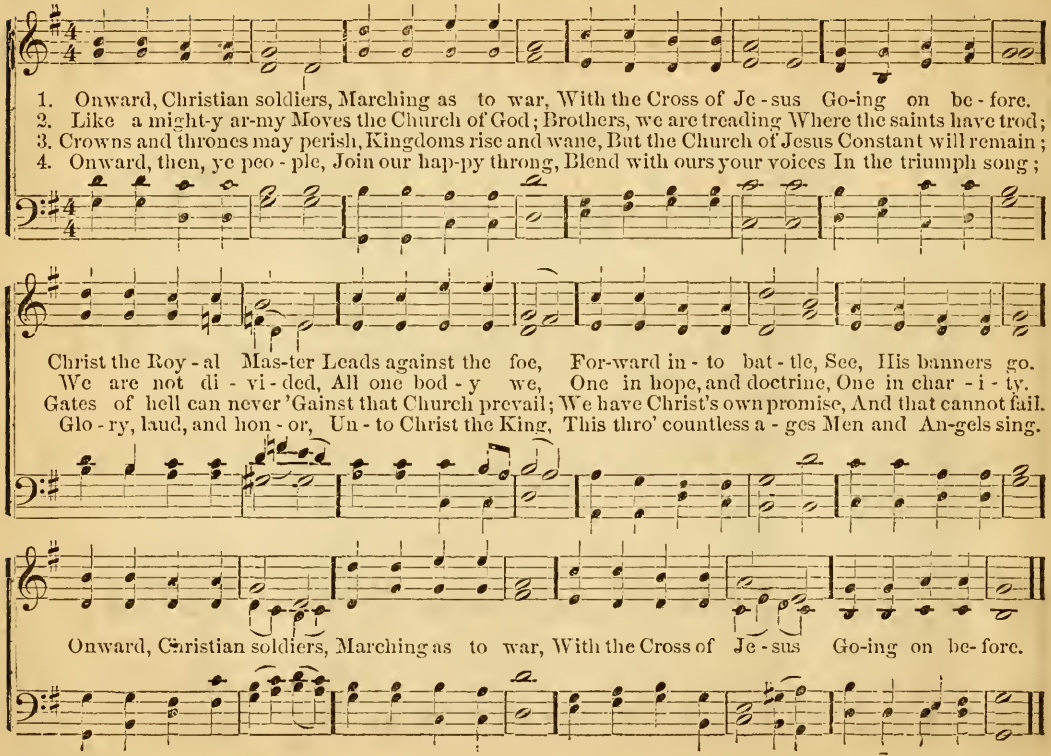
Sing thro' all Je - ru - sa - lem, Christ is born in Bethlehem! Amen.

5. Sacred Infant! all-divine!
What a tender love was Thine!
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!
Cho.—Hail! thou ever-blessed, &c.

6. Teach, O teach us, Holy Child!
By Thy heart so meek and mild;
Teach us to resemble Thee
In Thy sweet humility.
Cho.—Hail! thou ever-blessed, &c.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Arr. from J. HAYDN.



THY WAY, NOT MINE, O LORD.

HUBERT P. MAIN. By per.

1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How-ev-er dark it be! Lead me by thine own hand; Choose out the path for me.
2. The kingdom that I seek Is thine: so let the way That leads to it be thine, Else I must sure-ly stray.
3. Choose thou for me my friends, My sickness or my health, Choose thou my cares for me, My poverty or wealth.

I dare not choose my lot; I would not, if I might; Choose thou for me, my God, So shall I walk a-right.
Take thou my cup, and it With joy or sor-row fill, As best to thee may seem, Choose thou my good and ill.
Not mine, not mine the choice, In things or great or small; Be thou my Guide, my Strength, My Wisdom, and my All.

GUIDE US TO THEE.

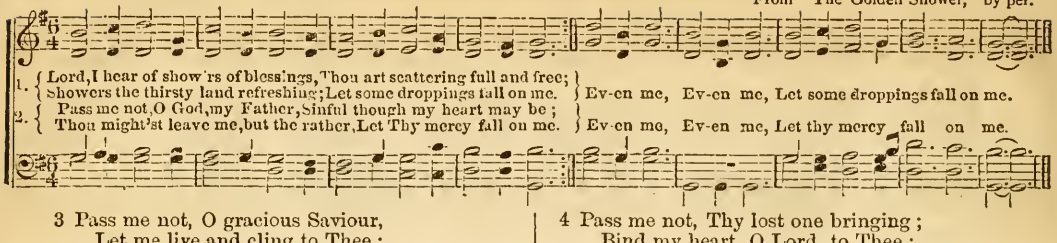
W. F. SHERWIN. By per.

1. Father, Thou art great and holy, Hear us when we bend the knee; Make us humble, meek, and lowly, Guide us to Thee.
2. Saints and angels fall before Thee, Where the soul is ev - er free; Humbly still we would adore Thee, Guide us to Thee.
3. By Thy love and pow'r defended, May we ev - er faith-ful be, And when life's short day is ended, Guide us to Thee.

Words by Mrs. ELIZABETH CODNER.

EVEN ME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "The Golden Shower," by per.

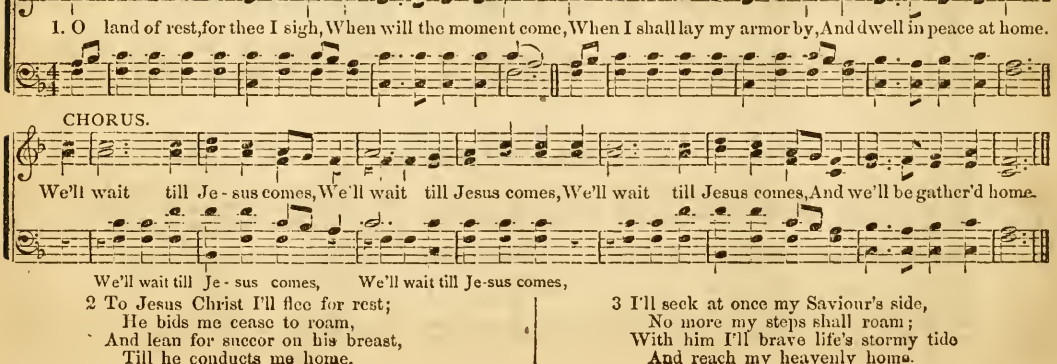


3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to Thee:
Fain I'm longing for Thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me:—Even me.

4 Pass me not, Thy lost one bringing;
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O, bless me.—Even me.

WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.

Dr. WM. MILLER.



2 To Jesus Christ I'll flee for rest;
He bids me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on his breast,
Till he conducts me home.

3 I'll seek at once my Saviour's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With him I'll brave life's stormy tide
And reach my heavenly home.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

EVER TO THE RIGHT!

HUBERT P. MAIN. By per.

1. Ev - er to the right, boys, Ev - er to the right! In the work you have to do,
2. Ev - er to the right, boys, Ev - er to the right! Do your du - ty, nev - er fear,
3. Ev - er to the right, boys, Ev - er to the right! Hon-est, kind and gen - tle prove,

Keep this mot - to still in view, Ev - er to the right! Ev - er to the right!
Conscience whispers in your ear, Ev - er to the right!
Guided by a Saviour's love, Ev - er to the right!

Be your mot - to yet, boys, Ev - er to the right.

4 Ever to the right, boys,
Ever to the right!
Be your trials what they will,
Keep your eyes directed still,
Ever to the right!

5 Ever to the right, boys,
Ever to the right!
Would you find a place in heaven?
Let your hearts and works be given,
Ever to the right!

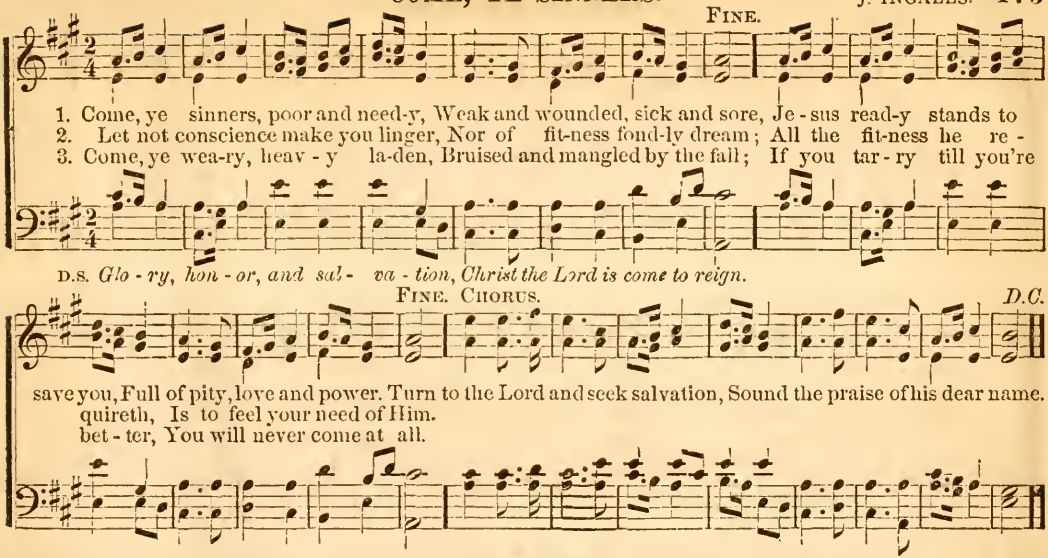
SUN OF MY SOUL.

WM. F. SHERWIN.
By per.

1. Sun of my soul, my Sav - iour dear, It is not night if thou be near; Oh, let no earth-born
2. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live; A-bide with me when
3. Watch by the sick, en - rich the poor With blessings from Thy boundless store; Be every mourner's

cloud a - rise, To hide Thee from thy servant's eyes. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wearied
night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die. If some poor wandering child of Thine, Has spurned this
sleep to-night, Like infant's slumbers, pure and light. Come near, and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the

eye - lids gent - ly steep, Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For ev - er on my Saviour's breast.
day the voice di-vine, Now, Lord, the gracious work be-gin, Let him no more lie down in sin.
world our way we take, Till in the o - cean of Thy love, We rest ourselves in Heaven above.



SECOND HYMN.

1 Now the Saviour standeth pleading
At the sinner's bolted heart;
Now in heaven He's interceding,
Taking there the sinner's part.

2 Sinner! can you hate this Saviour?
Will you thrust Him from your arms?
Once He died through your behavior,
Now He calls you by His charms.

3 Now He's waiting to be gracious,
Now He stands and looks on thee;
See what kindness, love, and pity;
Shine around on you and me.

4 Come, for all things now are ready,
Yet there's room for many more:
O ye blind, ye lame and needy,
Come to wisdom's boundless store?

Words by F. J. CROSBY.

SAVIOUR CARE FOR ME.

CHESTER G. ALLEN by per.

1. Leave me not, O bless-ed Sav - iour, Hold my trembling hand; Cheer me on my jour-ney home - ward To the bet - ter land. Seek - ing Thy di - vine pro - tec - tion, So I come to Thee; O, I thirst for liv - ing wa - ter; Sav-iour care for me.
2. May Thy spir - it full of com - fort Like a gen - tle dove, Hov - er o'er my soul and keep me In Thy ten - der love. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - cy, Let me cling to Thee: At Thy cross de - vout-ly kneel - ing; Sav-iour care for me.
3. By Thy heav'nly grace de-fend me From the temp-ter's power; Give me strength for ev-ery tri - al, Save me ev - ery hour. Leave me not, O bless-ed Sav - iour, Let me rest in Thee; I be-lieve, for Thou hast prom-ised Thou wilt care for me.

1. The sands of time are wast-ing, The dawn of heav-en breaks, The summer morn I've sighed for, The
2. Oh! Christ He is the foun-tain, The deep, sweet well of love; The streams on earth I've tasted, More
3. Oh! I am my Be-lov-ed's, And my Be-lov-ed's mine, He brings a poor vile sin-ner, In-

fair, sweet morn awakes. Oh, dark hath been the midnight, But day-spring is at hand, And glory, glory
deep I'll drink a-bove. There to an o-cean ful-ness His mer-cy doth ex-pand, And glo-ry, glo-ry
to His house di-vine. Upon the Rock of Ages, My soul redeemed shall stand, Where glory, glory

dwell-eth In Immanuel's land, And glo-ry, glo-ry dwell-eth In Immanuel's land.
dwell-eth In Immanuel's land, And glo-ry, glo-ry dwell-eth In Immanuel's land.
dwell-eth In Immanuel's land, Where glo-ry, glo-ry dwell-eth In Immanuel's land.

Words by MISS PROCTOR. **STERLING. 8s & 7s.** ARTHUR BELL.

1. One by one the sands are flow-ing, One by one the mo-ments fall, Some are com-ing, some are
2. Do not look at life's long sor-row, See how small each moment's pain: God will help thee for to-
3. Do not lin-ger with re-gret-ting, Or for passion's hour despond; Nor, the dai-ly toil for

go-ing, Do not strive to grasp them all. One by one thy du-ties wait thee, Let thy
-mor-row— Eve-ry day be-gin a-gain. Eve-ry hour that fleets so slow-ly, Has its
-get-ting, Look too eag-er-ly be-yond. Hours are gold-en links, God's tok-en, Reach-ing

whole strength go to each: Let no fu-ture dreams e-late thee, Learn thou first what those can teach
task to do or bear; Lu-min-ous the crown, and ho-ly, If thou set each gem with care.
heaven, but one by one, Take them, lest the chain be brok-en, Ere the pil-grim-age be done.

Words by GEO. COOPER.

A SONG FOR WATER.

WM. F. SHERWIN.
From "Bugle Notes," by per

Sprightly.

1. A song, a song for wa - ter bright, In love and beau - ty flow - ing! It
2. There's balm in ev - ery spark - ling drop, In ev - ery wave there's plea - sure; In
3. It nerves the hand to deeds of might! It wakes the heart to glad - ness! It
4. From ev - ery vale and glade and hill It speaks of na - ture's kind - ness! O,

CHORUS.

sings its way in joy and might, The gift of heav'n be - stow-ing. A song, a song for
dia-mond spray it leaps a - way, A love-ly boon and treasure;
breathes a psalm of pure de-light, And charms us all from sad-ness!
may we heed the les - son still, Nor shun it in our blindness!

wa - ter fair; As pure and free as mountain air, As pure and free as moun - tain air!

THE LAND BEYOND THE RIVER.

From "Silver Chimes," by per.

Words and Music by H. L. FRISBIE.

1. No mor - tal eye that land hath seen, Be-yond, be-yond the riv - er, Its smil-ing val-leys, hills so green,
2. That glorious day will ne'er be done, Be-yond, be-yond the river, When we've the crown and kingdom won,
3. When shall we look from Zi-on's hill, Be-yond, be-yond the river, With endless bliss our hearts shall thrill,

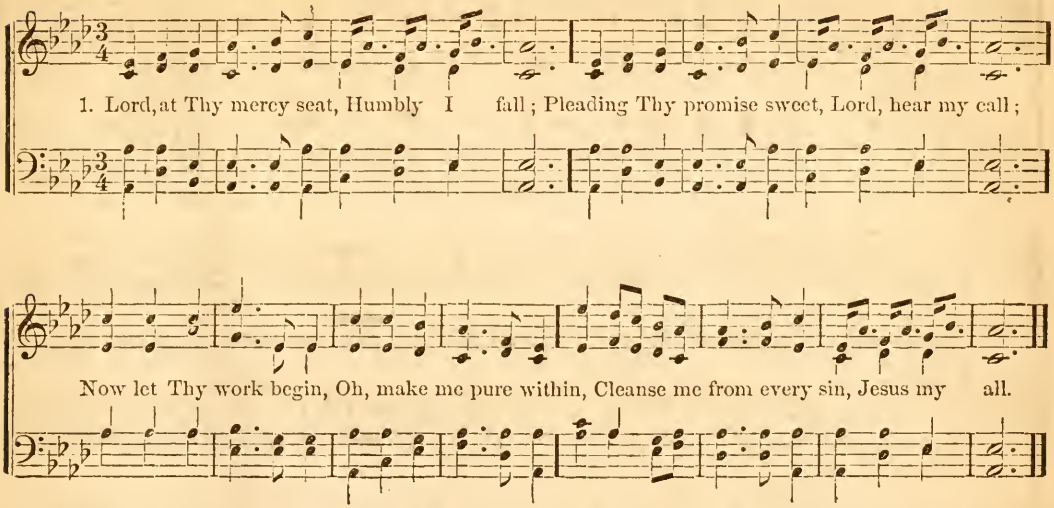
Be-yond, be-yond the riv - er. Its shores are com-ing near-er, The skies are growing clear-er, Each
Be-yond, be-yond the riv - er. There is e - ter - nal pleasure, And joys that none can measure, For
Be-yond, be-yond the riv - er. There an-gels bright are sing-ing, Where golden harps are ring-ing, We

REFRAIN.

day it seemeth dear-er, That land beyond the riv - er. We'll stand the storm, we ll stand the storm, Its
those who have their treasure In the land beyond the riv - er.
ne'er shall cease our singing In the land beyond the riv - er.

rage is al - most o - ver, We'll an-chor in the har-bor soon, In the land beyond the riv-er.

"I will appear in the cloud upon the mercy-seat." Lev. 16 : 2.



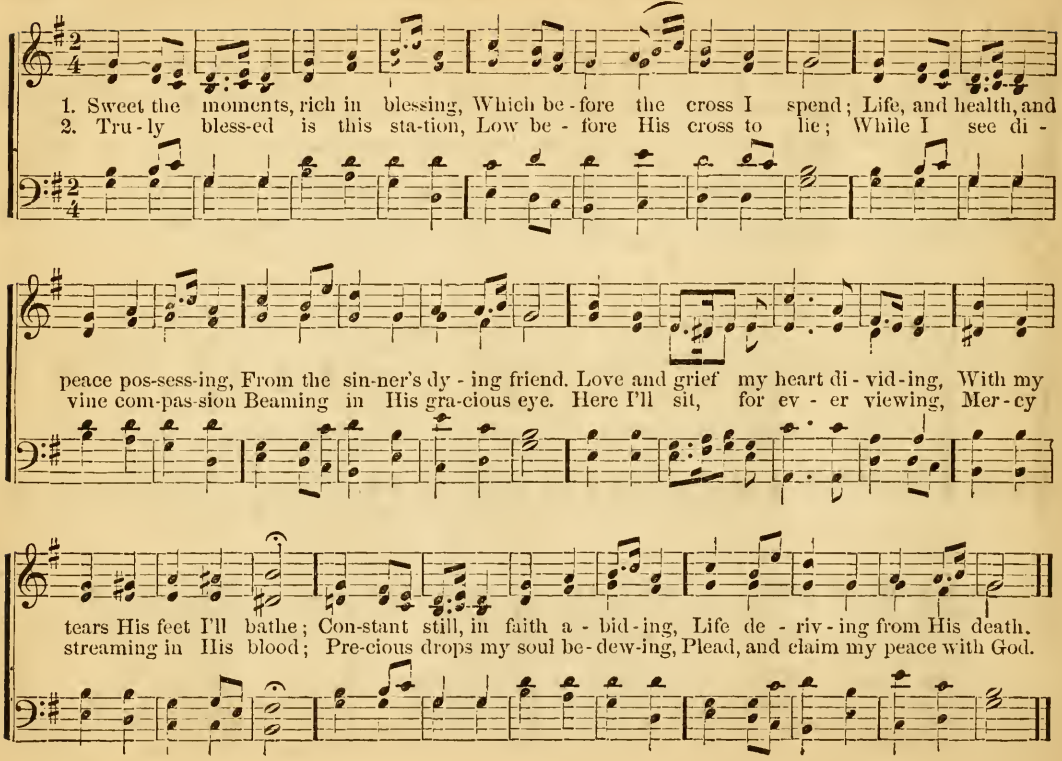
2 Tears of repentant grief
Silently fall;
Help Thou my unbelief,
Hear thou my call.
Oh, how I pine for thee!
'Tis all my hope, my plea:
Jesus has died for me,
Jesus, my all.

3 Hark! how the words of love
Tenderly fall,
Ere to the realms above,
Heard is my call;
Now every doubt has flown,
Broken my heart of stone,
Lord, I am Thine alone,
Jesus, my all.

4 Still at Thy mercy-seat
Humbly I fall;
Pleading Thy promise sweet,
Heard is my call.
Faith wings my soul to thee;
Thus all my hope shall be,
Jesus has died for me,
Jesus, my all.

SWEET THE MOMENTS.

MOZART.



Andante.

1. Depth of mer-cy, can there be Mer-cy still reserved for me? Can my God His wrath forbear?
2. Kin-dled, His re-lent-ings are; Me, He now de-lights to spare; Cries, how shall I give thee up?—

Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare? I have long withstood His grace, Long provoked Him to His face,
Lets the lifted thunder drop. There for me the Saviour stands; Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;

Would not hearken to His calls, Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
God is love! I know, I feel; Jesus weeps and loves me still.

SECOND HYMN.

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare:
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself invites thee near,
Bids thee ask Him, waits to hear.
Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

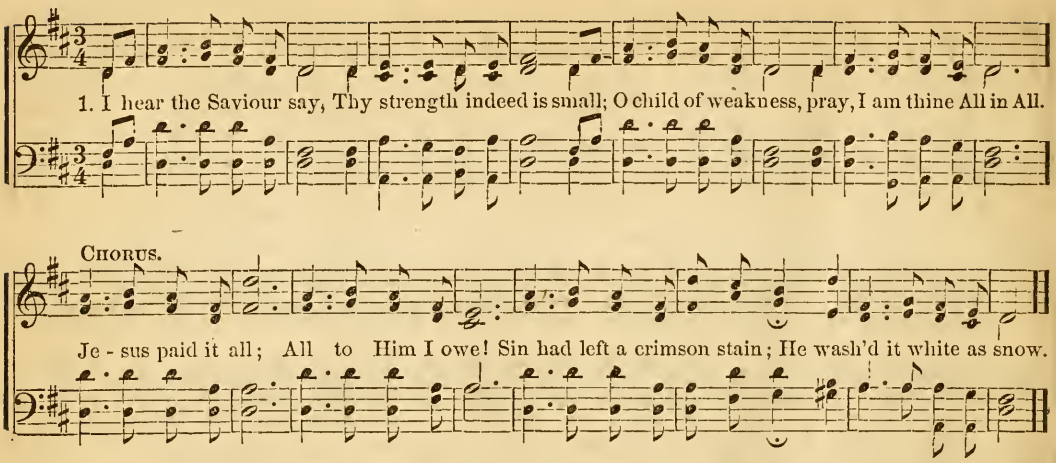
2 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,—
Let me die Thy people's death.

 Words by Mrs. E. M. HALL.

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.



2.

Lord, now indeed I find
Thy faith, and thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.—*Cho.*

3.

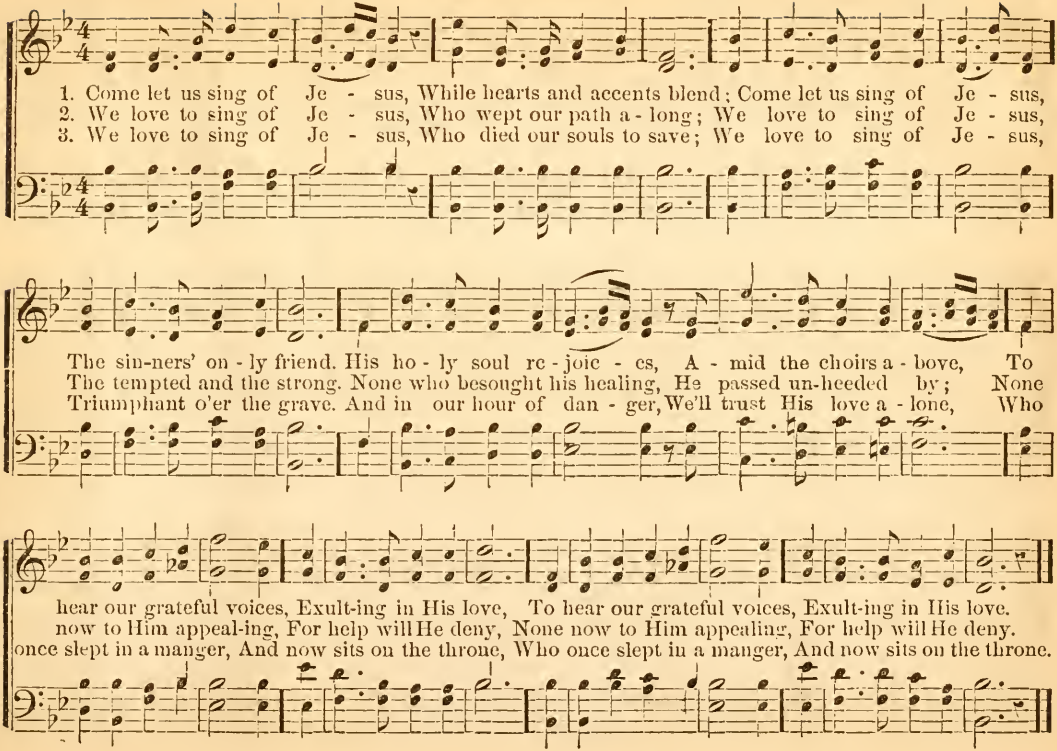
For nothing good have I,
Whereby thy grace to claim—
I'll wash me in the blood,
The blood of Calvary's Lamb.—*Cho.*

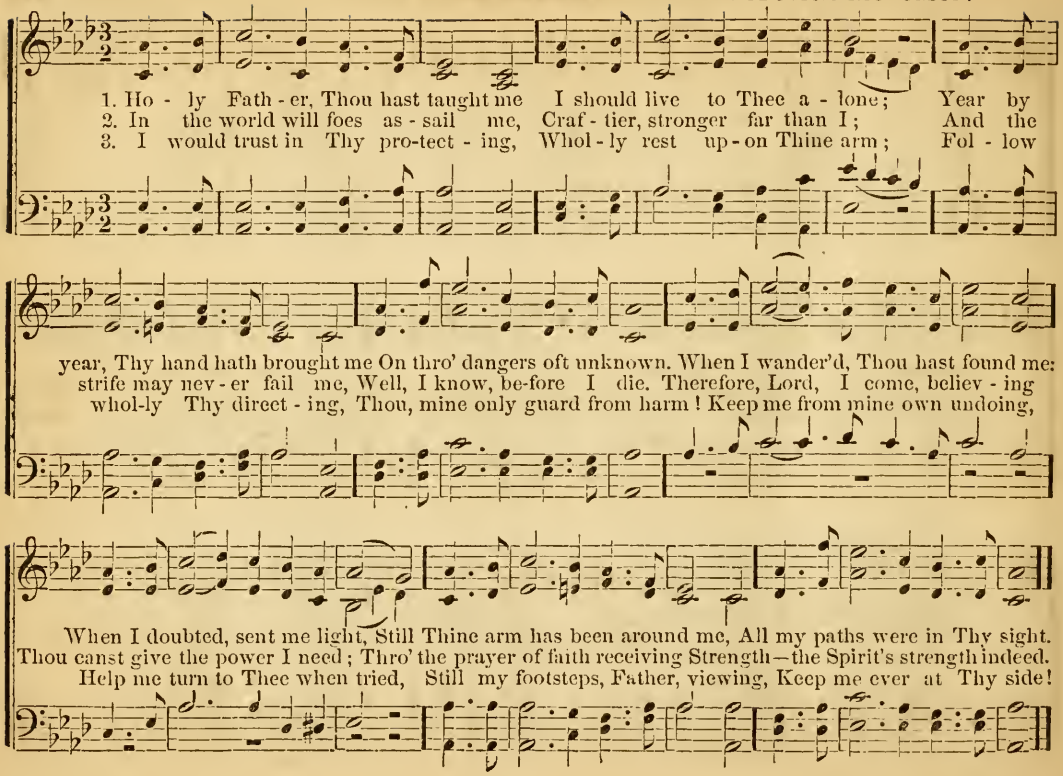
4.

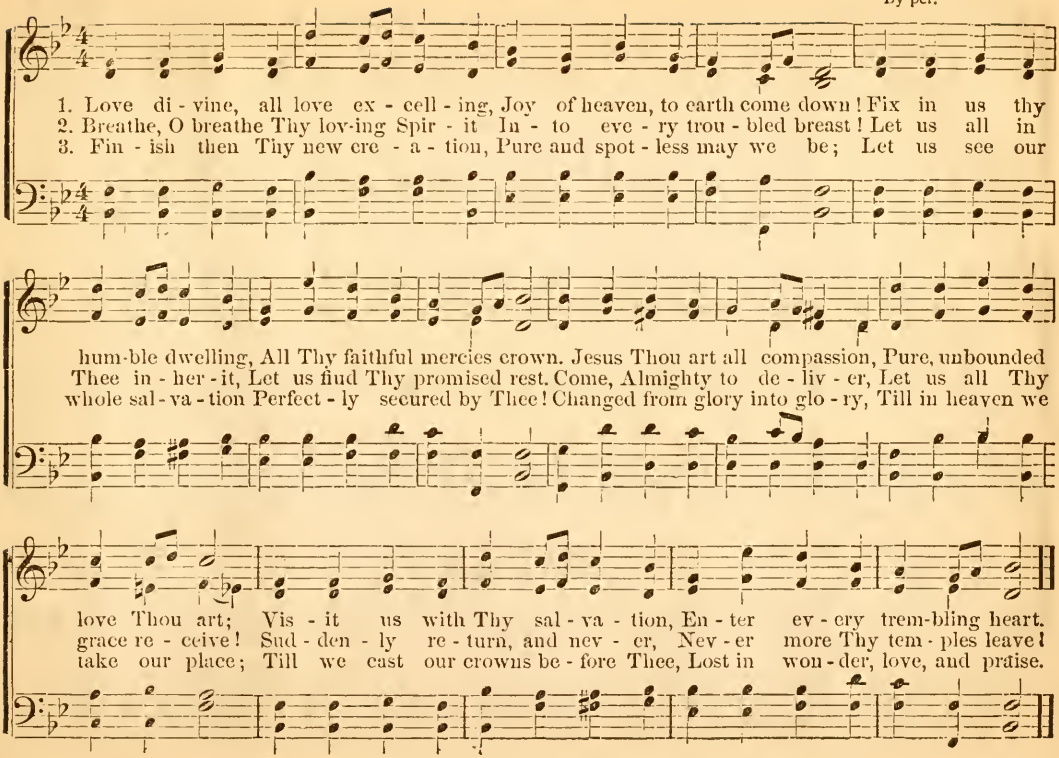
When from my dying bed,
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all,"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—*Cho.*

5.

And when before the throne,
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down, at Jesus' feet.—*Cho.*


1. Come let us sing of Je - sus, While hearts and accents blend; Come let us sing of Je - sus,
2. We love to sing of Je - sus, Who wept our path a - long; We love to sing of Je - sus,
3. We love to sing of Je - sus, Who died our souls to save; We love to sing of Je - sus,
The sin-ners' on - ly friend. His ho - ly soul re - joic - es, A - mid the choirs a - bove, To
The tempted and the strong. None who besought his healing, He passed un-heeded by; None
Triumphant o'er the grave. And in our hour of dan - ger, We'll trust His love a - lone, Who
hear our grateful voices, Exult-ing in His love, To hear our grateful voices, Exult-ing in His love.
now to Him appeal-ing, For help will He deny, None now to Him appealing, For help will He deny.
once slept in a manger, And now sits on the throne, Who once slept in a manger, And now sits on the throne.


1. Ho - ly Fath - er, Thou hast taught me I should live to Thee a - lone; Year by
2. In the world will foes as - sail me, Craf - tier, stronger far than I; And the
3. I would trust in Thy pro-tect - ing, Whol - ly rest up - on Thine arm; Fol - low
year, Thy hand hath brought me On thro' dangers oft unknown. When I wander'd, Thou hast found me:
strife may nev - er fail me, Well, I know, be-fore I die. Therefore, Lord, I come, believ - ing
whol-ly Thy direct - ing, Thou, mine only guard from harm! Keep me from mine own undoing,
When I doubted, sent me light, Still Thine arm has been around me, All my paths were in Thy sight.
Thou canst give the power I need; Thro' the prayer of faith receiving Strength—the Spirit's strength indeed.
Help me turn to Thee when tried, Still my footsteps, Father, viewing, Keep me ever at Thy side!


1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down! Fix in us thy
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov-ing Spir - it In - to eve - ry trou - bled breast! Let us all in
3. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure and spot - less may we be; Let us see our
hum-ble dwelling, All Thy faithful mercies crown. Jesus Thou art all compassion, Pure, unbounded
Thee in - her - it, Let us find Thy promised rest. Come, Almighty to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy
whole sal - va - tion Perfect - ly secured by Thee! Changed from glory into glo - ry, Till in heaven we
love Thou art; Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trem-bling heart.
grace re - ceive! Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy tem - ples leave!
take our place; Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

IS THERE ONE FOR ME?

JOS. P. HOLBROOK. By per.

p Andante.

1. Man-sions are pre - pared a - bove, By the gracious God of love; Man - y will those

cres.

man-sions see— Is there one pre-pared for me? Is there one pre - pared for me?

CHORUS.

p

Is there one for me? Man - y will those mansions see, Is there one prepared for me?

2 Crowns that dazzle human eye,
Wait for those who reach the sky;
Many there, those crown will see,
Is there one prepared for me? CHO.

3 Robes of spotless white are given,
By the glorious King of heaven;
All can have them, they are free,—
Is there one prepared for me? CHO.

4 Harps of joyful sound above,
Swell the praise of Jesus' love;
Oh! how sweet their strains will be,
Is there, Lord, a harp for me? CHO.

1. Dear Sav-iour! ev - er at my side, How lov - ing must Thou be, To leave Thy home in
2. I can - not feel Thee touch my hand, With pressure light and mild, To check me, as my

heaven to guard A lit - tle child like me. Thy beau-ti-ful and shining face I see not, tho' so near;
moth-er did When I was but a child. But I have felt Thee in my thoughts Fighting with sin for me;

The sweetness of thy soft, low voice I am too deaf to hear.
And when my heart loves God, I know The sweetness is from Thee.

3 And when, dear Saviour! I kneel down,
Each morn and night in prayer,
Something there is within my heart,
Which tells me Thou art there.
Yes! when I pray, Thou prayest too—
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

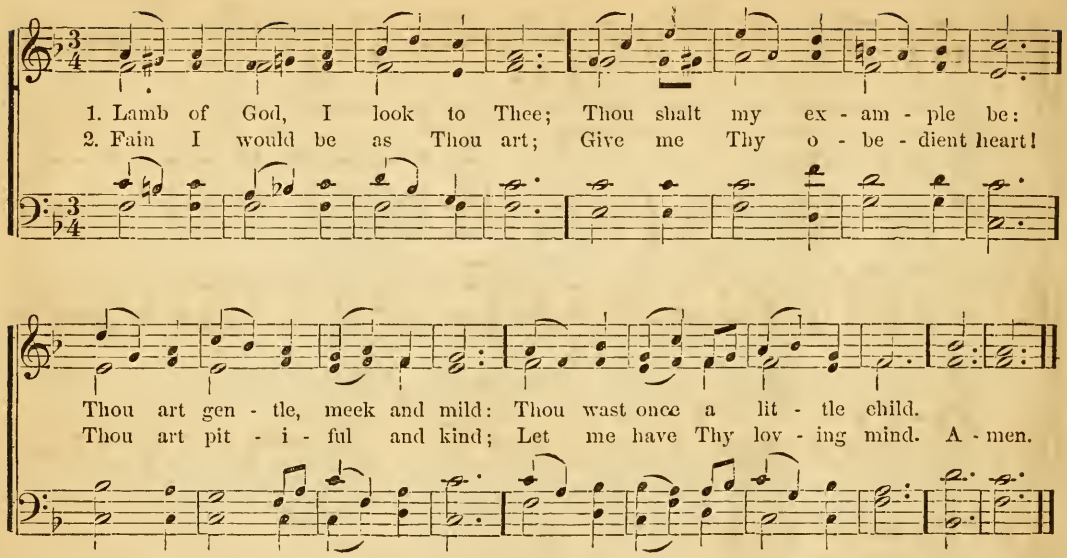
SECOND HYMN. C. M.

1 Approach, my soul! the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer:
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.
Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord! am I.

2 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell Him—"Thou hast died."
Oh! wondrous Love—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name.

LAMB OF GOD, I LOOK TO THEE.

L. SPOHR.



3.

Let me above all fulfil
God my Heavenly Father's will;
Never His good Spirit grieve;
Only to His glory live!

4.

Loving Jesus, Gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am:
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art!
Live Thyself within my heart.

By per.

1. Saviour, Blessed Saviour, Listen whilst we sing, Hearts and voices rais - ing, Praises to our King.
2. Nearer, ev - er near - er, Christ, we draw to Thee, Deep in ad - o - ra - tion Bending low the knee:

All we have to of - fer; All we hope to be, Bod - y, soul, and spir- it, All we yield to Thee,
Thou for our redemption Cam'st on earth to die; Thou, that we might follow, Hast gone up on high,

Bod - y, soul, and spirit, All we yield to Thee.
Thou, that we might follow, Hast gone up on high.

3.

Onward, ever onward, Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us, Journeying on to God:
Leaving all behind us, May we hasten on,
Backward never looking, Till the prize is won.

4.

Brighter still and brighter Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness O'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over, Toil and sorrow past,
May we, Blessed Saviour, Find a rest at last.

HYMN ANTHEM.

DUET, SOPRANO AND ALTO. J. ZUNDEL. By permission.

1 Christian, the morn breaks sweet-ly o'er thee, And all the mid - night sha - dows flee,

INST.

Tinged are the dis - tant skies with glo - ry, A bea - con light hung out for thee.

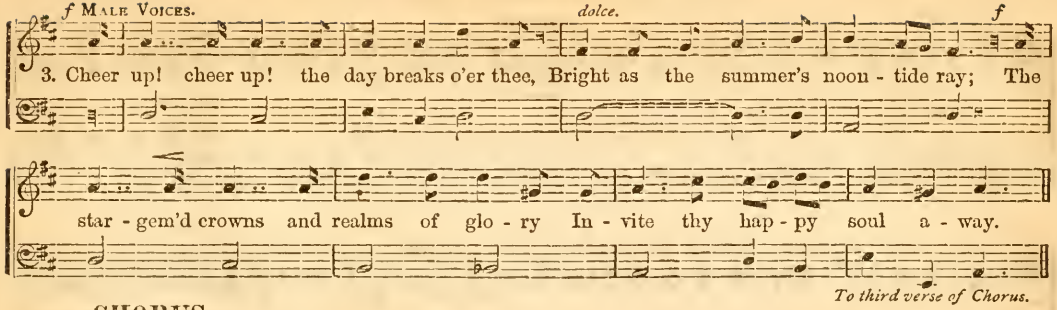
To first verse of Chorus.

FEMALE VOICES.

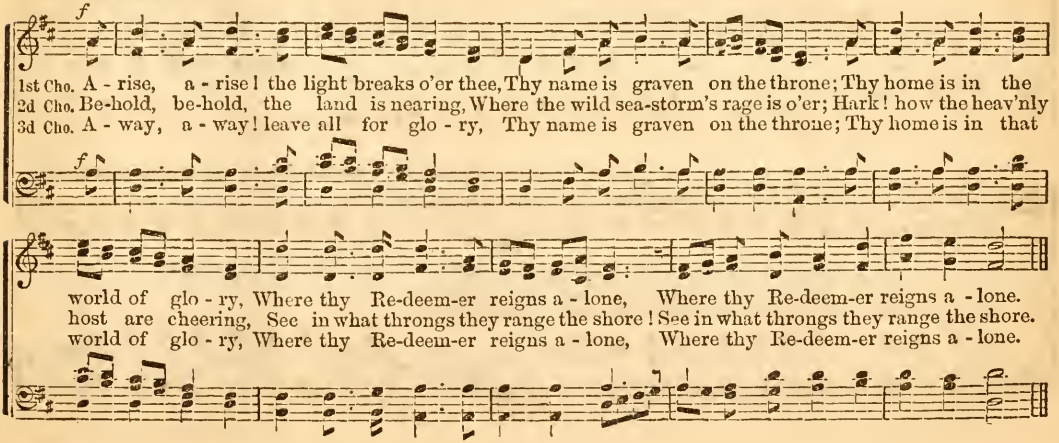
2. Tossed on time's rude, re - lent - less sur - ges, Calm - ly composed and dauntless stand, For

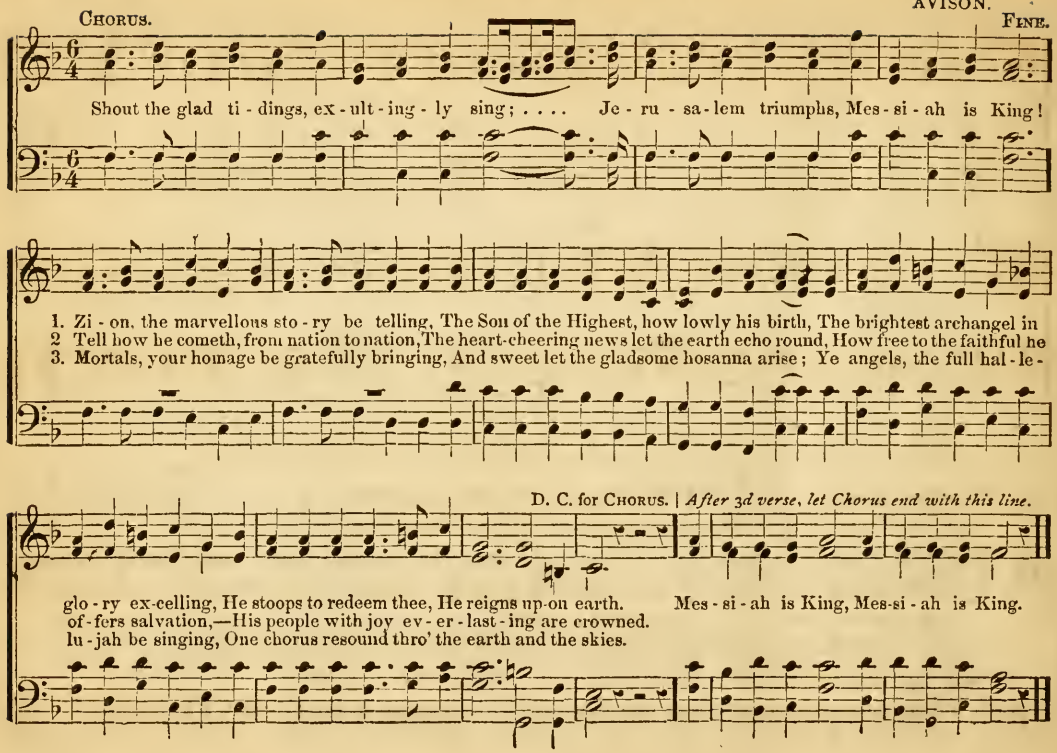
lo! be-yond those scenes e - mer - ges The light that bounds the prom - ised land.

To second verse of Chorus.

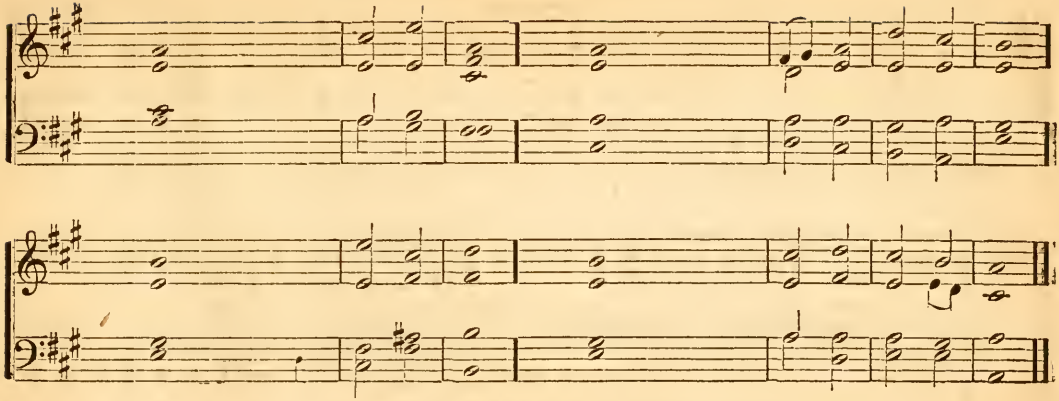

f Male Voices.
dolce.
f
3. Cheer up! cheer up! the day breaks o'er thee, Bright as the summer's noon - tide ray; The
star - gem'd crowns and realms of glo - ry In - vite thy hap - py soul a - way.
To third verse of Chorus.

CHORUS.


f
1st Cho. A - rise, a - rise! the light breaks o'er thee, Thy name is graven on the throne; Thy home is in the
2d Cho. Be-hold, be-hold, the land is nearing, Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er; Hark! how the heav'nly
3d Cho. A - way, a - way! leave all for glo - ry, Thy name is graven on the throne; Thy home is in that
f
world of glo - ry, Where thy Re-deem-er reigns a - lone, Where thy Re-deem-er reigns a - lone.
host are cheering, See in what throngs they range the shore! See in what throngs they range the shore.
world of glo - ry, Where thy Re-deem-er reigns a - lone, Where thy Re-deem-er reigns a - lone.


AVISON.
CHORUS.
FINE.
Shout the glad ti - dings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing; . . . . Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes - si - ah is King!
1. Zi - on, the marvellous sto - ry be telling, The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth, The brightest archangel in
2 Tell how he cometh, from nation to nation, The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round, How free to the faithful he
3. Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing, And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise; Ye angels, the full hal - le -
D. C. for CHORUS. | After 3d verse, let Chorus end with this line.
glo - ry ex-celling, He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns up-on earth. Mes - si - ah is King, Mes-si - ah is King.
of - fers salvation,—His people with joy ev - er - last - ing are crowned.
lu - jah be singing, One chorus resound thro' the earth and the skies.

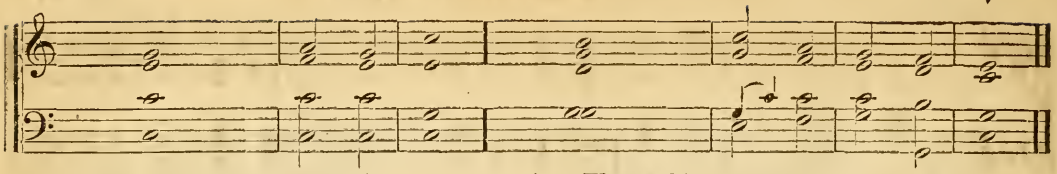
NORRIS.



1. Praise the Lord, | O my | soul, ‖ and all that is within me, | praise his | ho-ly | name.
2. Praise the Lord, | O my | soul, ‖ and for- | get not | all his | benefits;
3. Who forgiveth | all thy | sin, ‖ and | healeth | all thine | infirmities;
4. Who saveth thy | life..from de- | struction, ‖ and crowneth thee with | mercy and | loving | kindness.
5. O praise the Lord, ye Angels of his, ye that ex- | cel in | strength; ‖ ye that fulfil his commandment, and hearken unto the | voice of | his — | word.
6. O praise the Lord, all | ye his | hosts; ‖ ye servants of | his that | do his | pleasure.
7. Glory be to the Father, | and..to the | Son, ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
8. As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, ‖ world without | end.— | A- | men.

COME UNTO ME. Chant No. 2.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1 With tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and | stormy | sea:
Yet, 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly | whisper, | Come to | me.

2 It tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my | soul may | flee;
Oh! to the weary, faint, opprest,
How sweet the | bidding, | Come to | me.

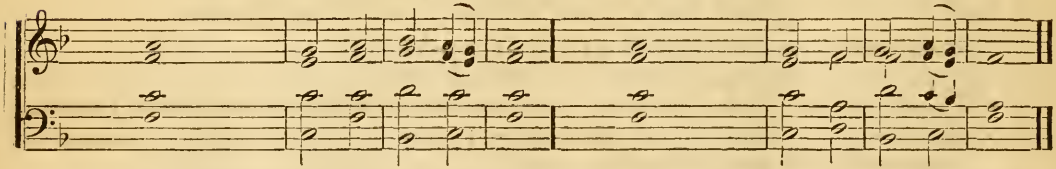
3 When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, en- | joy, and | see,
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice | utters, | Come to | me.

4 Come for all else must fail and die,
Earth is no resting | place for | thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy | portion, | Come to | me.

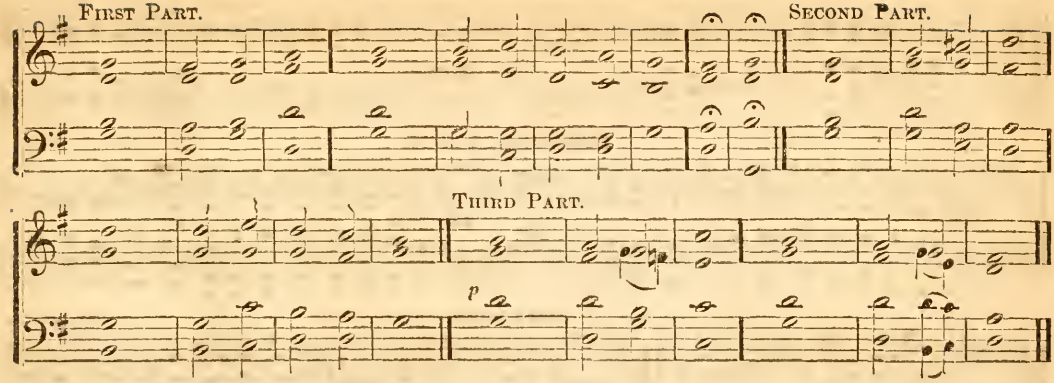
5 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and | ago- | ny,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently | whisper, | Come to | me.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. Chant No. 3.

GREGORIAN.



1. Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name; ‖ thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, . . as it | is in | heaven;
2. Give us this | day our | daily | bread; ‖ and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | tres- pass. . a- | gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liv-er | us from | evil; ‖ for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, for- | ever. A- | men.



GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

To the First Part of the Chant.

1. Glory be to | God on | high, ‖ and on earth | peace, good | will towards | men.
2. We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, ‖ we glorify thee, we give thanks to | thee for | thy great | glory.

To the Second Part.

3. O Lord God, | Heavenly | King, ‖ God the | Father | Al- — | mighty!
4. O Lord, the only-begotten Son | Jesus | Christ, ‖ O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son..of the | Fa- —|ther!

To the Third Part.

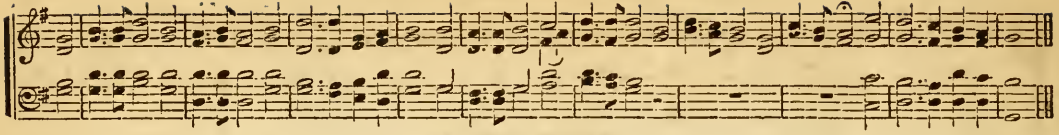
5. That takest away the | sins..of the | world, ‖ have mercy up- | on — | us.
6. Thou that takest away the | sins..of the | world, ‖ have mercy up- | on — | us.
7. Thou that takest away the | sins..of the | world, ‖ re- | ceive our | prayer.
8. Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, ‖ have mercy up- | on — | us.

To the First Part.

9. For Thou only | art — | holy, ‖ Thou | only | art the | Lord.
10. Thou only, O Christ, with the|Holy|Ghost, ‖ art most high in the|glory..of|God the|Father. ‖ A-|men.

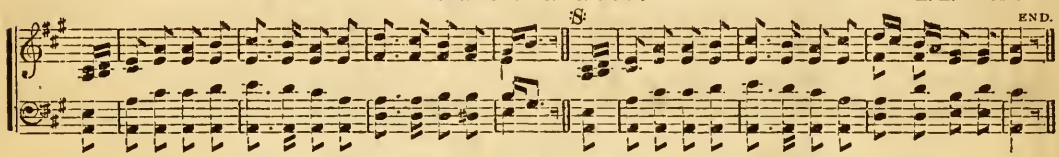
WOODLAND. C. M.

N. D. GOULD.



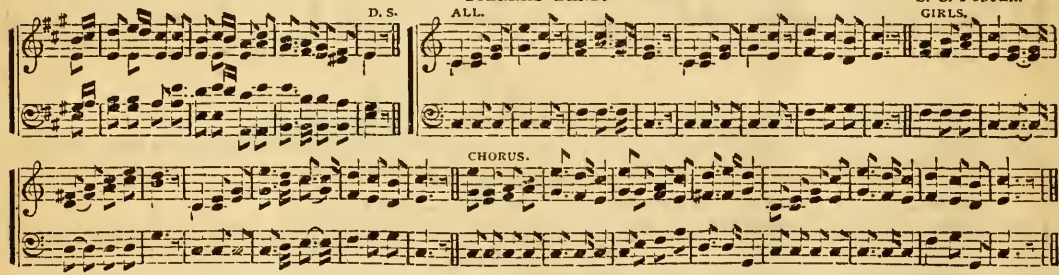
METROPOLIS. C. M. D.

E. L. WHITE.



PILGRIM BAND.

S. C. FOSTER.



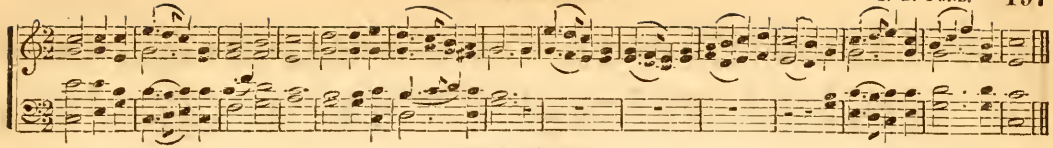
1 Come, little soldiers, join in our band,
March for the kingdom, our promised land:
Fearless of danger, onward we roam;
Jesus our Leader is, soon we'll be home.

CHORUS.—We're a little Pilgrim band,
Guided by our Saviour's hand;
Soon we'll reach our Fatherland
No more to roam.

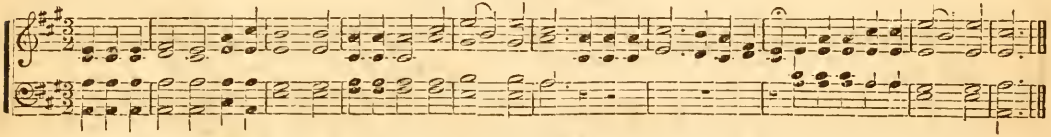
2 Hark to the voices, bidding us come!
Angels rejoicing, beckon us home:
No sin, nor sadness your hearts shall oppress,
Come, little Pilgrim band, there you shall rest.

3 Soon we shall never know sorrow more,
But blest for ever, God's love shall share;
Soon we shall see him in his blest home,
Ever, still praising him, ages to come.

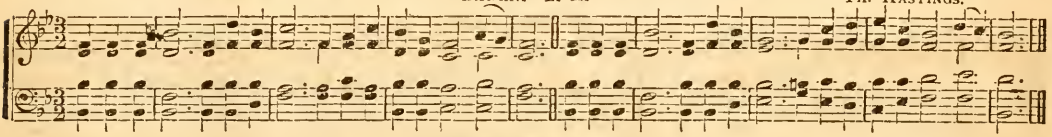
FRANKLIN. C. M. S. B. POND.



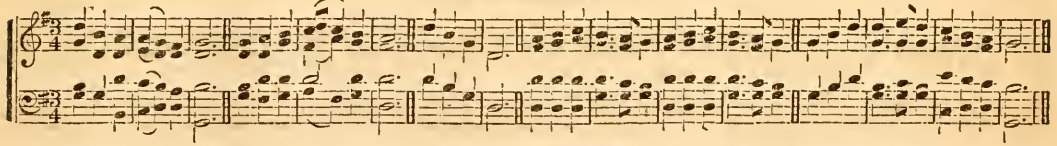
WARE. L. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.



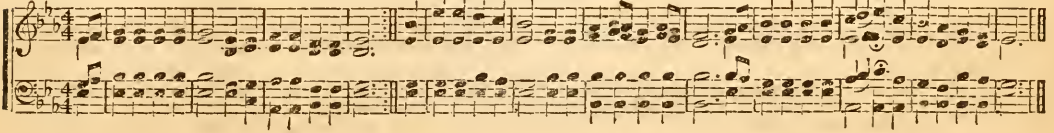
BADEN. L. M. TH. HASTINGS.

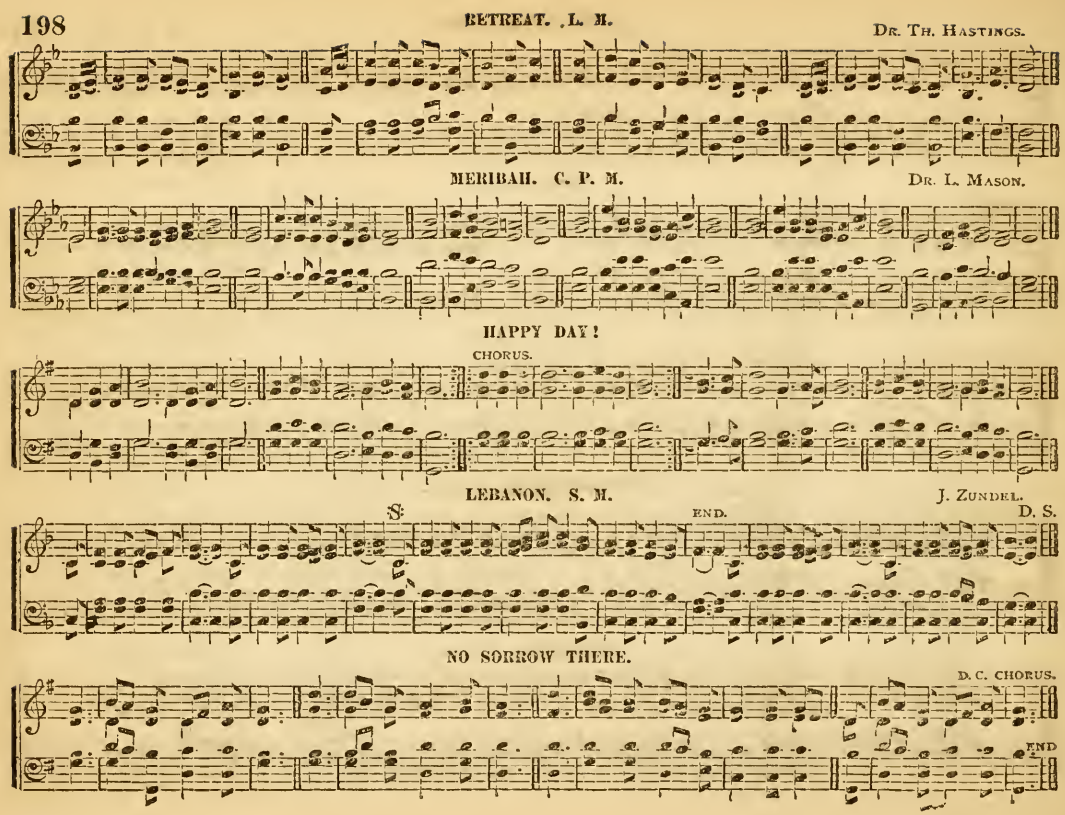


ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s. GIARDINI.

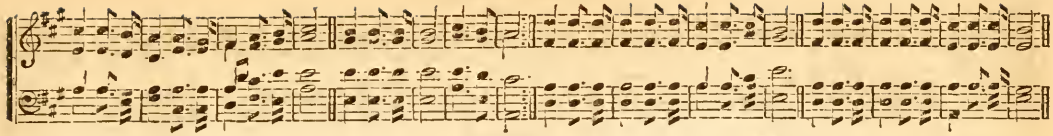


CRUCIFIX. 7s & 6s. Greek Melody.

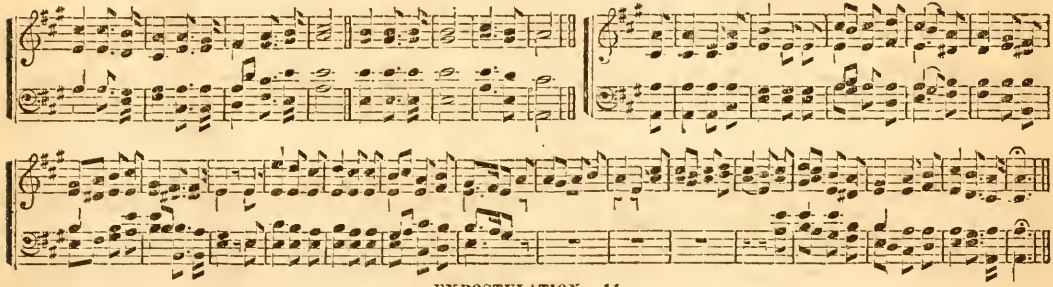



RETREAT. L. M.
DR. TH. HASTINGS.
MERIBAH. C. P. M.
DR. L. MASON.
HAPPY DAY!
CHORUS.
LEBANON. S. M.
J. ZUNDEL.
S.
END.
D. S.
NO SORROW THERE.
D. C. CHORUS.
END

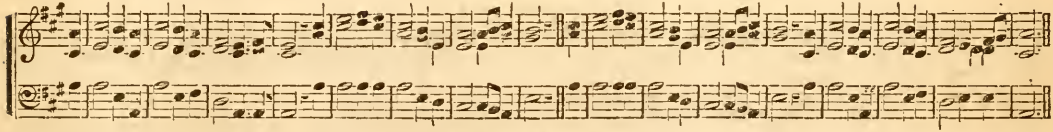
HOMEWARD BOUND.



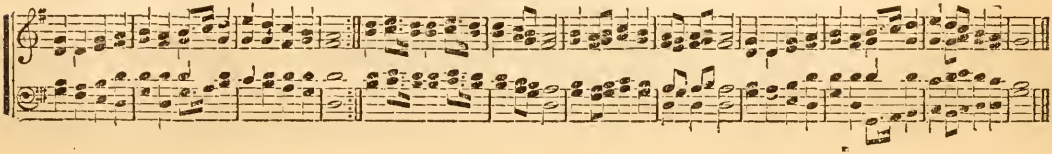
PORTUGUESE HYMN.



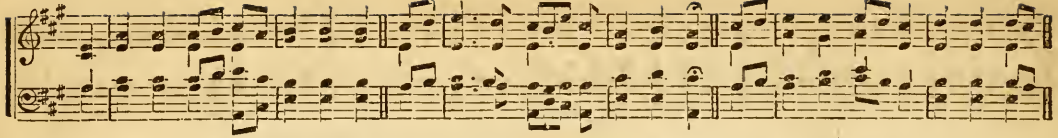
EXPOSTULATION. 11s.



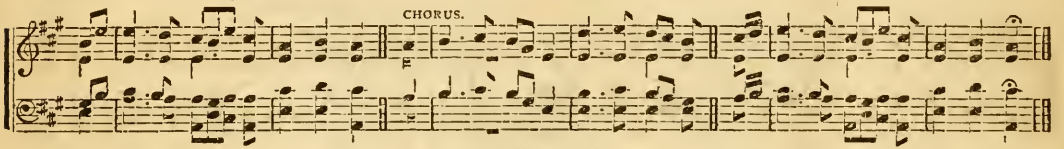
AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s.



LOVING KINDNESS.

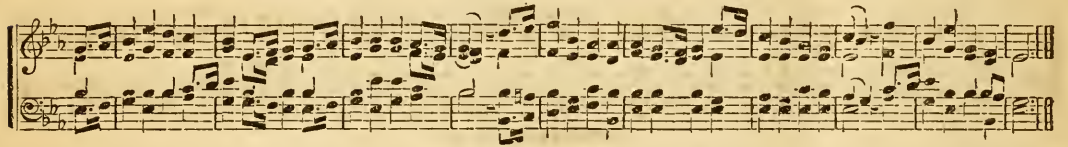


CHORUS.



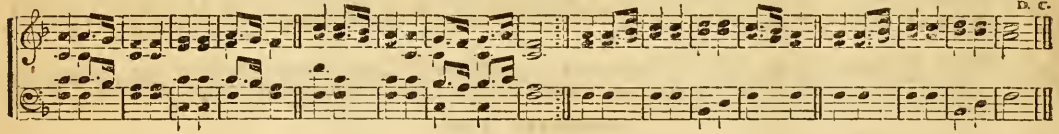
CHRISTMAS. C. M.

HANDEL.



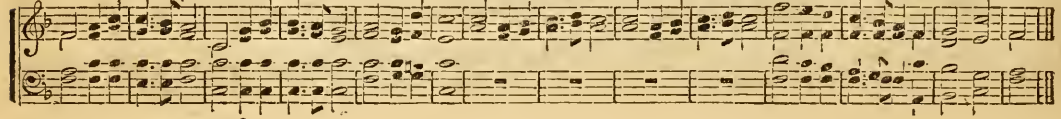
GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.

ROUSSEAU.
D. C.

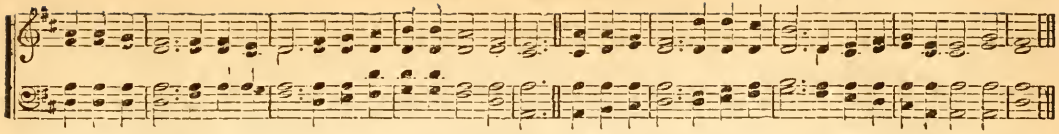


OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

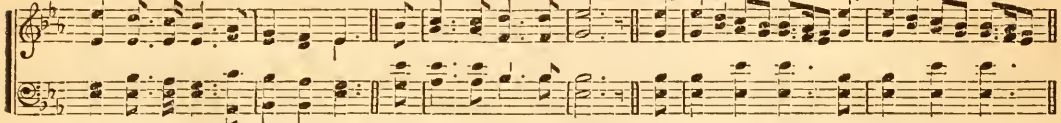
DR. L. MASON. By per.

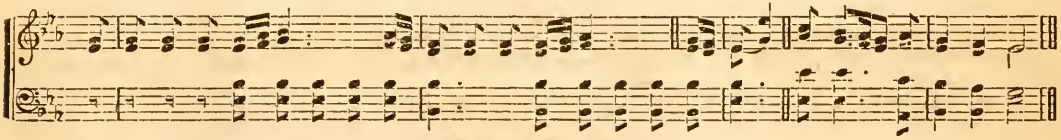


WILLIAMS. L. M.

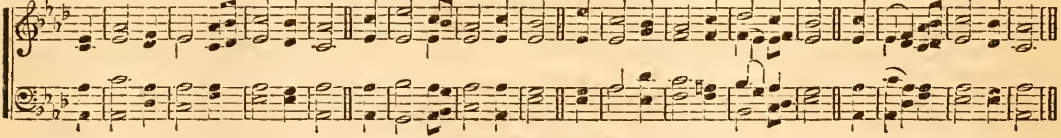


ANTIOCH. C. M.

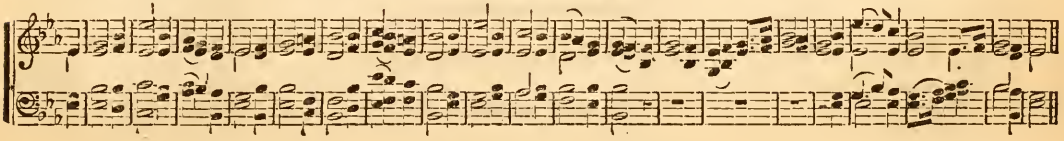




MARTYRDOM. C. M.



ROTHWELL. L. M.



220. [*Italian Hymn, page* 197.]

1. Come, thou almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2. Come, thou incarnate Word
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless;
Come, give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

3. Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour;
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

4. To thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

221. [*Old Hundred*, 101 *Trio.*]

1. Loud hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell,
Let heav'n begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

2. Wide as His vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as His thunder, shout His praise,
And sound it lofty as His throne.

3. Jehovah—'tis a glorious word!
O, may it dwell on every tongue!
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

4. Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord;
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

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222. [*Ware, page* 197.]

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2. To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3. People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

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223. [*Coronation*, 179 *Trio.*]

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2. Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fix'd this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4. Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5. O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

224. [*Rothwell*, 201.]

1. He lives, the great Redeemer lives,
What joy the blest assurance gives;
And now, before His Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of His blood.

2. Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, armed with frowns, appears,
But in the Saviour's lovely face,
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3. Hence, then, ye black, despairing thoughts;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4. Great Advocate, Almighty Friend!
On Him our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

---

225. [*Franklin*, 197.]

1. The head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now,
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2. The highest place that heaven affords,
Is His by sovereign right;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright;—

3. The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

4. To them, the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.

---

226. [*Balerma*, 123 *Trio.*]

1. Jesus, the very thought of Thee,
With sweetness fills my breast:
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3. O hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4. But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue, nor pen can show,
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

227. [*Martyrdom*, 201.]

1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His cross.

2. Jesus, my God! I know His name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3. Firm, as His throne, His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4. Then will He own my worthless name,
Before His Father's face;
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

---

228. [*Antioch*, *page* 201.]

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.

2. Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3. He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

229. [*Tune Williams, page* 201.]

1. When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown!

4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

---

230. [*Crucifix, page* 197.]

1. O sacred Head now wounded,
With grief and shame weigh'd down;
Now scornfully surrounded,
With thorns Thy only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was Thine;
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

2. What language shall I borrow,
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
O make me Thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

3. If I, a wretch, should leave Thee,
O Jesus, leave not me;
In faith may I receive Thee,
When death shall set me free.
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish,
By Thine own wounded heart.

4. Be near, when I am dying,
O, show Thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely—through Thy love.

---

231. [*Martyn*, 14 *Trio.*]

1. Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly;
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past,
Safe into the haven guide.
O receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none—
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring—
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find,
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am—
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

---

232. [*Dennis*, 225 *Trio.*]

1. The Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine, and I am His
What can I want beside?

2. He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3. If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in His own right way
For His most holy name.

4. In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread:
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

5. The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

233. [*Loving Kindness*, 200.]

1. AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, Oh! how free!

2. He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all:
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, Oh! how great!

3. Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, Oh! how strong!

4. Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have Him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

---

234. [*Duke St.*, 7 *Trio*]

1. OH! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God, the Saviour, loved and died;
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From His dear wounds, and bleeding side.

2. I would for ever speak His name,
It sounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at His Father's throne.

3. All hail! Thou great Immanuel, hail!
Ten thousand blessings on Thy name!
While thus Thy wondrous love we tell,
Our bosoms feel the sacred flame.

4. Come, quickly come, Immortal King!
On earth Thy regal honors raise;
The full salvation promised bring,
Then every tongue shall sing Thy praise!

---

235. [*Martyrdom*, 201.]

1. ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2. Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the Lord of glory, died
For man the creature's sin.

4. Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

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236. [*Ortonville*, 82 *Trio*.]

1. MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2. He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

3. To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have,
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

4. Since from Thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

---

237. [*Martyrdom*, 201.]

1. DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise—
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2. To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3. But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4. Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee!
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

238. [*St. Thomas*, 224 *Trio.*]

1. AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2. Sing of His dying love,
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above,
For those whose sins He bore.

3. Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing, every day,
In Christ, the exalted King.

4. Soon shall your raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

---

239. [*State Street*, 71 *Trio.*]

1. JESUS who knows full well,
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.

2. He bows His gracious ear,
We never plead in vain:
Yet we must wait till He appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3. Jesus, the Lord will hear
His chosen when they cry:
Yes, though He may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

4. Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause His care.

240. [*Ortonville*, 82 *Trio.*]

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And for the weary, rest.

3. By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

4. Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

---

241. [*Baden*, 197.]

1. THOUGH all the world my choice deride,
Yet Jesus shall my portion be;
For I am pleased with none beside;
The fairest of the fair is He.

2. Sweet is the vision of Thy face,
And kindness o'er Thy lips is shed;
Lovely art Thou, and full of grace,
And glory beams around Thy head,

3. Thy sufferings I embrace with Thee,
Thy poverty and shameful cross;
The pleasures of the world I flee,
And deem its treasures only dross.

4. Be daily dearer to my heart,
And ever let me feel Thee near;
Then willingly with all I'd part,
Nor count it worthy of a tear.

---

242. [*Shining Shore*, 83 *Trio.*]

1. MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly!
Those hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS.

For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore,
We may almost discover.

2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
CHO.—For oh!

3. Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
CHO.—For oh!

4. Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,
Each chord on earth to sever.
Our King says, come, and there's our home,
For ever, oh! for ever!
CHO.—For oh!

243. [*Christmas*, 200.]

1. AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2. A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3. 'Tis God's all animating voice,
That calls thee from on high:
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4. Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy Feet
I'll lay my honors down.

---

244. [*Balerma*, 123 *Trio.*

1 AMAZING grace; how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see.

2. 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3. Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

245. [*Uxbridge.*]

1. WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord! 'tis enough that Thou art mine;
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness,

2. This life's a dream—an empty show;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

3. Oh! glorious hour!—Oh! blest abode,
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4. My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

---

246. [*L. M.*]

1. WE sing His love, who once was slain,
Who soon o'er death revived again,
That all His saints through Him might have
Eternal conquests o'er the grave.

CHORUS.

Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

2. The saints who now with Jesus sleep,
His own Almighty power shall keep
Till dawns the bright illustrious day
When death itself shall die away.

3. When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete;
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse will be no more.

4. Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day,
And this delightful scene display
When all Thy saints from death shall rise
Raptured in bliss beyond the skies!

---

247. [*Olivet*, 200.]

1. MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2. May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire:
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide:
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray,
From Thee aside.

4. When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen, stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

248. [*Joyfully.*]

1. JOYFULLY, joyfully onward I move.
Bound to the land of bright spirits above,
Angelic choristers, sing as I come—
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home!
Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to the land of bright spirits I go;
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home!

2. Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on before;
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer me thro' death's chilling gloom;
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home!
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome—
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

3. Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors! I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb!
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his scepter be gone;
Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

---

249. [*Portuguese Hymn, page* 199.]

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word;
What more can He say than to you He hath said—
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled.

2. Fear not, I am with thee, oh! be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3. When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4. When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5. E'en down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6. The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to His foes:
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake!

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250. [*Expostulation, page* 199.]

1. O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die?
When God, in great mercy, is coming so nigh;
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2. How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3. And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.

4. Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart,
And trusting in Heaven, we never shall part;
O how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

---

251. [*Homeward Bound, page* 199.]

1. OUT on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound;
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We're homeward bound;
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each he bestowed,
We're homeward bound.

2. Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars;
We're homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound;
Steady! O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale,
Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail,
We're homeward bound.

3. We'll tell the world as we journey along,
We're homeward bound;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound;
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppressed,
Join in our number, O come and be blest;
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
We're homeward bound.

4. Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last;
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er;
We stand secure on the glorified shore,
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last.

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252. [*Hail to the Brightness.*]

1. HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning,
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3. Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along,
Loud from the mountain-tops, echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

4. See, from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high,
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

253. [*Webb*, 104 *Trio.*]

1. We bring no glittering treasures,
No gems from earth's deep mine;
We come with simple measures,
To chant Thy love divine.
We all, Thy favors sharing,
Our voice of thanks would raise;
Father, accept our offering,
Our song of grateful praise.

2. The dearest gift of Heaven,
Love's precious word of Truth,
To sinners thou hast given,
To guide their steps in youth;
To tell the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary;
To tell of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

3. Redeemer, grant Thy blessing;
Oh, teach us how to pray!
That we, Thy love possessing
May tread life's devious way;
Till where the pure are dwelling
By grace we meet again,
And, sweeter numbers swelling,
Forever praise Thy name.

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254. [*Amsterdam, page* 199.]

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise, from transitory things,
Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2. Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire descending, seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source;
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to see His glorious face,
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3. Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies;
There we'll join the heavenly train,
Welcomed to partake the bliss;
Fly from sorrow and from pain,
To realms of endless peace.

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255. [*Bethany*, 77 *Trio.*]

1. Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2. Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

3. There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

4. Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

5. Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

256. [*Violet*, 73 *Trio.*]

1. JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

2. Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not like them untrue;
And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3. Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

4. Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heaven, can'st thou repine?

5. Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

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257. [*Christmas, page* 200.]

1. AM I a soldier of the cross—
A follower of the Lamb—
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2. Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3. Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace?
To help me on to God?

4. Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

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258. [*Meribah, page* 198.]

1. OFT when the waves of passion rise,
And storms of life conceal the skies,
And o'er the ocean sweep,
Toss'd in the long tempestuous night,
We feel no ray of heavenly light,
To cheer the lonely deep.

2. But lo! in our extremity,
The Saviour walking on the sea!
E'en now He passes by!
He silences our clamorous fear,
And mildly says, "Be of good cheer,
Be not afraid, 'tis I."

3. Ah, Lord! if it be Thou indeed,
So near us in our time of need,
So good, so strong to save—
Speak the kind word of power to me,
Bid me believe, and come to Thee,
Swift-walking on the wave.

4. He bids me come! His voice I know,
And boldly on the waters go,
And brave the tempest's shock:
O'er rude temptations now I bound,
The billows yield a solid ground,
The wave is firm as rock!

5. Come in, come in, Thou Prince of peace!
And all the storms of sin shall cease,
And fall, no more to rise:
O, if Thy Spirit still remain,
Our rest on distant shores we gain,
Our haven in the skies!

259. [*L. M.*]

1. When marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2. Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But One alone, the Saviour speaks—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3. Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4. Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a Star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5. It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6. Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

260. [*Dundee.*]

1. Prostrate, dear Jesus! at Thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upward to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2. If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3. But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which Thou hast shed—
No blood, but Thou hast spilt.

4. Think of Thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive;
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

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261. [*To-Day*, 8 *Trio.*]

1. To-day the Saviour calls:
Ye wanderers, come!
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2. To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly:
The storm of vengeance falls,
Ruin is nigh.

3. To-day the Saviour calls;
Oh, listen now!
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

4. The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away!
'Tis mercy's hour.

---

262. [*Meribah, page* 198.]

1. When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,
To take Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?

2. I love to meet Thy people now,
Before Thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But—can I bear the piercing thought?—
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?

3. O Lord, prevent it by Thy grace—
Be Thou my only hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

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263. [*Woodworth*, 139 *Trio.*]

1. Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

2. Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3. Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
"Fightings within, and fears without,"
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive;
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6. Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

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264. [349 *Trio.*]

1. THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3. Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

---

265. [*State Street*, 71 *Trio.*]

1. BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2. Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one—
Our comforts and our cares.

3. We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4. When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5. This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

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266. [*Martyrdom*, *page* 201.]

1. O COULD I find from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on His word.

2. Lord, I desire with Thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3. Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly Thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve Thy love divine.

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267. [*Happy Day*, *page* 198.)

1. O HAPPY day that fix'd my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2. O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to the sacred shrine I move.

3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

4. Now rest, my long-divided heart:
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from Thy Lord depart:
With Him of every good possess'd.

268. [*Jesus Paid it All.*]

1. NOTHING, either great or small
Remains for me to do;
Jesus died, and paid it all—
Yes, all the debt I owe.
CHO.—Jesus paid it all;
All the debt I owe,
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.

2. When He from His lofty throne,
Stoop'd down to bleed and die,
Every thing was fully done;
"'Tis finished!" was His cry.
CHO.—Jesus paid it all, etc.

3. Weary, working, plodding one,
Oh, wherefore toil you so?
Cease your doing—all was done;
By Jesus, long ago.
CHO.—Jesus paid it all, etc.

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269. [*Lebanon, page* 198.]

1. I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold:
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controll'd;
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2. The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
They found me nigh to death,
Famish'd, and faint, and lone;
They bound me in the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3. Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that wash'd me in His blood
'Twas He that made me whole:
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold—
'Tis He that still doth keep.

---

270. [*Cross and Crown*, 85 *Trio.*]

1. MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No: there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2. How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3. The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear—
For there's a crown for me.

---

271. [*Martyrdom*, 201.]

1. O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye,—

2. See, low before Thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
Hast Thou not said—"Return?"

3. And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from Thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4. O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let Thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

---

272. [*Dennis*, 225 *Trio.*]

1. How gentle God's commands!
How kind His precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.

2. Beneath His watchful eye,
His saints securely dwell;
That hand that bears all nature up,
Shall guard His children well.

3. Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4. His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

---

273. [*Dover.*]

1. GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

2. Through waves, through clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time: so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3. Still heavy is thy heart!
Still sink thy spirits down!
Cast off the weight, let fear depart!
Bid every care be gone.

4. Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

5. What, though Thou rulest not!
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well!

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274. [*Will You Go?* 61 *Trio.*]

1. WE'RE trav'ling home to heav'n above,
Will you go? will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love,
Will you go? will you go?
Millions have reached that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God,
And millions now are on the road,
Will you go? will you go?

2. We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
Will you go? will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise His name,
Will you go? will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share;
Will you go? will you go?

3. Ye weary, heavy-laden, come,
Will you go? will you go?
In the blest house there still is room,
Will you go? will you go?
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on Him now believe,
He'll give thy troubled conscience ease,
Will you go? will you go?

---

275. [*No Sorrow There, p.* 198.]

1. FAR from these scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight
Unknown to mortal eyes.

CHO.—There'll be no sorrow there.
There'll be no sorrow there.
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there.

2. Fair land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more.
CHO.—There'll be no sorrow there.

3. No cloud those regions know—
Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.
CHO.—There'll be no sorrow there.

4. O may the prospect fire
Our breasts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.
CHO.—There'll be no sorrow there.

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276. [*Woodland, page* 196.]

1. THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above in heaven.

2. There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

3. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

277. [*Work, for the Night is Coming.* 194 *Trio.*]

1. WORK, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers:
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2. Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon,
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming;
When man works no more.

3. Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies,
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

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278. [*Rothwell, page* 201.]

1. STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2. Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes,
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

3. Then let my soul march boldly on—
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4. There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

---

279. [*Laban*, 61 *Trio.*]

1. MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2. O! watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3. Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4. Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath
To His divine abode.

280. [*Retreat, page* 198.]

1. FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2. There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3. There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

---

281. [*Ward*, 64 *Trio.*]

1. BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long—is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

2. Oh! lovely attitude—He stands
With melting heart and loaded hands:
Oh! matchless kindness—and He shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

3. But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very Friend you need;
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4. Admit Him ere His anger burn,
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit Him, or, the hour's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand.

282. [*Metropolis*, 196.]

1. JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace and Thee?

2. When shall these eyes Thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3. There happier bowers than Eden bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4. Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for Thee:
Then shall my labors have an end
When I Thy joys shall see.

---

283. [*Happy Land.*]

1. THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye!

2. Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye!

3. Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh, then to glory run,
Be a crown and Kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

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284. [*Ives.*]

1. WHO are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches to obtain;
New dominion every hour."

2. These through fiery trials trod;
These from great afflictions came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with His almighty name.
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3. Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them, the Lamb amid the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears,
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.

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285. [*Heaven is my Home.*]

1. I'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home;
Dangers and sorrows stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my Fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

2. What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage;
Heaven is my home;
And time's wild, wintry blast
Soon will be over past,
I shall reach home at last;
Heaven is my home.

3. Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home;
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand,
Heaven is my Fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

286. [*Around the Throne.*]

1. AROUND the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand:
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, Glory, Glory, Glory be to God on high.

2. In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing, Glory, Glory, etc.

3. What brought them to that world above—
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love,
How came those children there.
Singing, Glory, Glory, etc.

4. Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, Glory, Glory, etc.

5. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, Glory, Glory, etc.

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287. [*Evening Song*, 10 *Fresh Laurels.*]

1. 'TIS sweet to think, as night comes on,
Dark and drear,
Ere "stars come twinkling one by one,"
Earth to cheer.

There is a world where comes no night,
It needs no sun or moon to light,
For Jesus' presence makes it bright—
No night there.

2. 'Tis sweet to think when round us lie,
Grief and care,
Our Jesus hears the softest sigh,
Breath'd in pray'r;
And if we love Him, we shall see,
That "land from sin and sorrow free."
And oh! we know that there will be—
No tears there.

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288. [*Tune Return.*]

1. RETURN, O wand'rer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam,
In guilt and misery;
Return, return!

2. Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee,
The Spirit and the Bride say—come;
Oh! now for refuge flee.

3. Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day.

---

289. [*For Ever with the Lord.*]

1. "FOR ever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

CHO.—Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home;
Nearer home, nearer home,
A day's march nearer home.

2. My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear.
CHO.—Here in the body pent, etc.

3. "For ever with the Lord!"
—Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
Even here to me fulfill.
CHO.—Here in the body pent, etc.

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290. [165 *Trio.*]

1. ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2. Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his cruel sting.

3. Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4. Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

291. [*Bradbury Trio*, 100.]

1. From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down the golden sand—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2. What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole—
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

292. [*Bradbury Trio*, 104.]

1. The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion
Prepared for Zion's war.

2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing
With peace upon their wings.

3. See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above:
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4. Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home,
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim the Lord is come.

293. [*Tune Zion.*]

1. On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands.
Mourning captive,
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2. Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful?
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3. God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He Himself appears thy Friend:
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4. Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee,
Victory is thine at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

294. [*Sabbath.*]

1. SAFELY thro' another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2. While we seek supplies of grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free—
May we rest this day in Thee.

3. Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glories meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

4. May the Gospel's joyful sound
Wake our minds to raptures new;
Let Thy victories abound—
Unrepenting souls subdue;
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we rest in Thee above.

---

295. [*Beauteous Day, page* 84.]

1. BLESSED Saviour, watch us, guard us,
As we leave our "Sabbath home;"
Guide and keep us from all danger,
Till again to thee we come.

2. Though we very often wander
In the paths of vice and sin,
Yet we pray that Thou wouldst hear us,
Cleanse and make us pure within.

3. Make each spirit meek and lowly,
Make us leave the ways of strife,
Lead us in the path of duty,
Lead us to the "better life."

4. Thus we'd serve Thee, blessed Saviour,
Till we've crossed life's stormy sea,
And with each loved friend and teacher,
All are gathered home to thee.

---

296. [9 *Trio or Greenville.*]

1. LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each Thy love possessing,
Triumph'in Redeeming grace;
Oh! refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness!

2. Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3. So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day!

---

297. [*Milwaukee, page* 151.]

1. SAVIOUR! breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our eyelids seal:
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

2. Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us—
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

3. Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watcheth where Thy people be.

4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

---

298. [*Evening Hymn*, 291 *Trio.*]

1. GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings.

2. Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done:
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3. Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4. O let my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, which shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

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